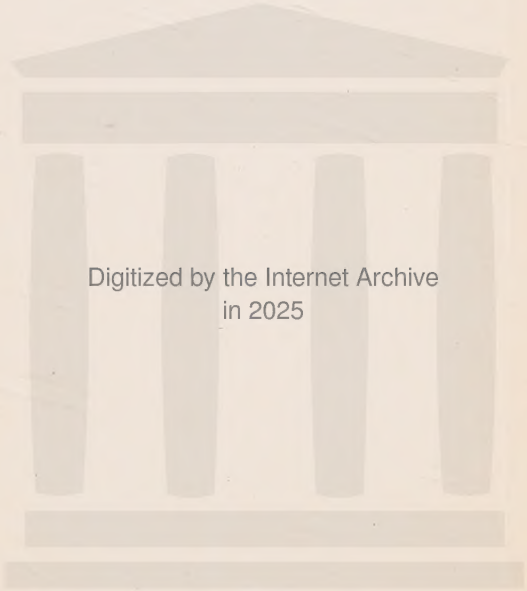
Narratives on the Catechism.

Vol. III.


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/narrativesoncate0003vari

Carl H. Segerhammar

Narratives on the Catechism,

SELECTED FROM

CASPARI, HERMANN FICK,
AND C. A. E. E. G. GLASER.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

ISSUED BY THE PUBLICATION BOARD OF THE JOINT SYNOD OF OHIO.

VOLUME III.

COLUMBUS:
Lutheran Book Concern.
1896

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
The Lord's Prayer	3
Prayer in General	5
The Power of the Lord's Prayer	25
First Petition	30
Second Petition	39
Third Petition	62
Fourth Petition	79
Fifth Petition	92
Sixth Petition	103
Seventh Petition	117
Conclusion	128

Narratives on the Catechism.

The Lord's Prayer.

The Lord's Prayer.

We have now heard what we must do and believe, and wherein consists the best and happiest life. Now follows the third part, i. e. how we ought to pray. For since we are so situated that no man can perfectly keep the Ten Commandments, even though he have begun to believe, and since the devil with all his power, together with the world and our own flesh, resists our endeavors to keep them, nothing is so necessary as that we should resort to the ear of God and call upon Him and pray to Him, that He would give, preserve and increase in us faith and the fulfillment of the Ten Commandments, and that He would remove everything that is in our way and opposes us therein. But that we might know what and how to pray, our Lord Christ has Himself taught us both the mode and the words, as we shall see.—*Luther in the Larger Catechism.*

Our Father who art in heaven; Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead

us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil; For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

PRAYER IN GENERAL.

To the question, what a Christian needs in order to prosper in all his undertakings, a certain one gave this answer: "Three things, namely, prayer, and again *prayer,* and once more PRAYER."

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. Matt. 26, 41.

Pray without ceasing. 1 Thess. 5, 17.

Pray one for another. Jas. 5, 16.

There can be no Christianity without prayer. What breathing is to the body, that praying is to the soul. When breathing is clogged and heavy, the body is in a bad condition; and so when one has no delight in prayer, the soul is in great danger. Where there is no breath at all, the body is dead; so also there is no Christianity where prayer has ceased.

Prayer is the daughter of faith, but the daughter must support the mother.

When the man stops conversing with heaven, then hell begins to speak.

"Have you all you need for your journey?" inquired a father of his son on the eve of his departure. "Everything," was the reply, "except the journeyman's pass-book." "*One* pass-book will help you through the whole world," said the father

as he took down a prayer-book from the shelf and gave it to him.

Luther says, "The Christian's best occupation is praying."

Otto, baron of Grünrad, belonged to the court of the elector of the Palatinate, Frederick the Fourth, and was one of the stewards of the electoral prince. The elector always sought to surround the prince with men well-learned and experienced in the affairs of state and war, so that at the table they would engage in an earnest conversation and that the young prince would hear only the best both in spiritual and temporal things and could thus, if he chose, become well-instructed.

In one of these conversations it was reverted to the fact how foreigners from olden times sought to gain a foothold in Germany and to get it under their control, and even at this very time this was a matter of much concern. If God should now permit such a calamity, many an honorable man might, with wife and children, be driven from his home and into want, just as was the case not long before in England, France and in Holland. The question was asked here what each one of those present would do in such a case in order to make an honorable living. It was thought that in such cases of emergency a mechanic or artisan would fare better than a professional man, since the former would

more likely find something to do in a strange community than the latter. In reply to the question one now said, "I can fight." Another said, "I can knit stockings." Another, "I am a turner." "I can play the lute," and so on. When the turn of Otto, the baron of Grünrad, to speak came, he said, "I know and can practice no other trade than that of prayer. If I cannot support myself by this, then I will at once plead with God, that He may so protect us so that we will not need to avail ourselves of the devices which have been thought of."

We must pray in humility.

In the Revolution, while the American army was encamped at Valley Forge, an honorable old Mennonite passed by the encampment in his journey. Near by was a very thick forest through which he was passing. Suddenly he heard at some distance a voice which by its fervor and devoutness attracted him more and more as he drew nearer. There lay Washington, the commander of the American forces, upon his knees, engaged in a long and earnest prayer. Loudly he thanked God, the Lord of all the earth, for the blessings which had been bestowed upon his beloved fatherland, and praised Him for having called him from privacy among the multitude and having placed him at the head of his nation, to defend its welfare and

to protect its greatest interests. He confessed that he was not able to do so great a work and sought God for strength and help, in order that he might successfully accomplish the great work of his life. After he had finished his humble prayer, the Mennonite withdrew unnoticed and continued his journey. When he came home his wife and children observed that he was very much moved by something, and this emotion did not subside in his evening devotion. Being much concerned, they asked him the cause of his peculiar manner. "Do not be surprised, my loved ones," said he, "at my feelings. A colder heart than mine would be touched at what I saw to-day and never shall forget. Until now I thought a Christian could not be a soldier. But to-day I have learned that he can, and if I were not so old I myself would enter the army. To see a man pray with devotion, that strengthens the heart. But to-day I saw the greatest man, the renowned commander of our nation, Washington, pray with childlike fervor and humility, and I am convinced that whoever can pray as he did must be a man of God, upon whose undertaking the blessing of God will rest. Yes, the Lord will be with Washington!" And He was, too.

A very instructive fable tells about a hermit who as often as he, according to his view, prayed with

devotion placed a nut in an empty vessel, in order that he might know how much and how often he had prayed. After he had thus accumulated quite a lot of nuts and began to feel very well pleased with his work, he heard a voice telling him to open the nuts and see how often he had prayed with devotion and had pleased God. He began to crack the nuts and discovered to his great shame that there was only one whose kernel was partly good, all the rest were deaf or wormy. Ah, how many may there not be among Christians to-day, who imagine they have prayed much and often, whose prayers, however, if their devotion were judged according to the standard of holiness, would be found to be empty and useless.

Pray one for another.

The pious wife of Wolfgang Kiessling, a farmer at Krautles by Nürnberg, was lying at the point of death, and the doctor had said that recovery was impossible. The little children stood around the bed of the sinking mother; the larger ones wept loudly, while the smaller ones played at her bed, not knowing why the others cried. At the sight of this a sharp pang pierced the father's heart. He took the children and went up stairs, threw the window up that he might have God's free heaven before him, and knelt down with the little ones and

prayed aloud to God, "O dear Lord! Thou wantest to take from me my beloved pious wife, and Thou knowest also that I am willing that she should go, for I am Thine and she is Thine, and I well know that she would fare better with Thee in Thy kingdom than here with me. But do consider, dear Lord, these poor little children. They cannot get along without their pious mother who trains them up in Thy fear. Do not yet take their mother from them, dear Lord! If Thou wouldst take her from us, I would have to call her down again from heaven with my cries, O Thou true and faithful God! Leave her with us yet many years until these little children are grown, then we will gratefully give her up. And now yea and amen in Jesus Christ; Thou wilt leave her to us, for Thou hearest the prayer of those who are in trouble." Kiessling arose cheerful and comforted and took his children and went down again. The mother grew better from that very hour, and the Lord granted her to remain with her children many years yet, until they were all grown up in the fear of God.

Spener, a pious man, had a son who possessed remarkable talents, but was very ill-bred. All efforts of love and firmness at training him had been fruitless. Finally the father could do no more than to pray that God might yet rescue his son.

How and when this should be done he left to the Lord. Some time afterwards the lost son took very sick and for a number of weeks he lay almost dumb and motionless, but with great internal conflicts. All at once he threw up his hands and from his oppressed bosom cried out, "The prayers of my father surround me like mountains!" After some time those internal conflicts ceased and he rested easily. The power of his sickness was also broken. He was rescued bodily and spiritually and from that time on he was a different man. Shortly before his death Spener had the pleasure to see his son who had become a respected man honored with an important office.

The Lord hath heard my supplication; the Lord will receive my prayer. Ps. 6, 9.

Pray every day.

Hähnel, a merchant in Annaberg, in his last hours called once more all his children to his bedside and said to them, "Once in my younger years I made a business trip. My team was obliged to delay for a short time. I, however, stepped into a church that was near by, in which services were being held just at that hour. The minister spoke of the blessedness and the value of prayer and frequently repeated the words, 'A day without prayer is a day without blessing.' Since that those words have always been in my heart. In the midst of all

the labors and cares of my later life I have found that alone in prayer is found the deeper rest and cheerfulness, the courage and strength for both life and death. For God, to whom my spirit is about to go, became long ago through prayer an old familiar friend of mine, whose face I daily sought, and now I rejoice in the midst of the pains of death that I shall soon look upon His loving countenance, which I so often sought. Now as I am about to leave this world and to be separated from you, I know of nothing more valuable to leave you than the exhortation to prayer, for in and with prayer you have everything you can wish for both for time and for eternity." "My Lord and my God," so he prayed, "Thou didst love me first and I, in all my weaknesses and sins, have also loved Thee. Permit me once more before I depart and am separated from my own, to repeat in their name the words, 'I and my house will serve the Lord.' Let it be my last prayer that the sweet name of Jesus and His divine power may never depart from the hearts and life of my children and children's children. Make Thou in this house hands and hearts uplifted to Thee every day and every hour, and lips to make known Thy praise. Then Thou shalt be their God and they shall be Thy people."

Salvation belongeth unto the Lord: Thy blessing is upon Thy people. Ps. 3, 9.

The Lord hears prayer.

Melanchthon was lying sick, at the point of death. The elector therefore sent to Wittenberg for Luther, that he might speak once more with the dying man. Day and night Luther continued on his journey and alas found on his arrival that he was at the point of death as had been reported to him. His eyes were already glazed; consciousness, hearing and speech had left him, and he had the appearance of one who was dying. He ate and drank nothing and noticed none of his visitors. "May God help!" cried Luther affrighted when he saw him. "How the devil has marred for me this noble instrument!" Upon this he at once turned to the window and heartily prayed unto God. "Here the Lord had to submit to me," said Luther at a later time. "I cast the whole sack down at the door and recounted to Him all the promises in which He promised to hear prayer, that I could repeat from the Holy Scriptures, so that He had to hear me, if I was at all to believe His promises." Luther now seized Melanchthon by the hand and said, "Be of good courage, Philipp, you will not die. Although the Lord would have abundant reason to slay, yet He does not will the sinner's death, but that he turn and live. He has pleasure in life and not in death. If He has recalled to grace the very greatest sinners that ever were upon earth, Adam and Eve, and has received them, much less

is it His will to reject you, Philipp, and to let you perish in sins and dejection. Therefore do not give way to sadness and shorten your own life, but trust the Lord who kills and makes alive again, who wounds and heals, bruises and makes whole." Upon these words Melanchthon began again to breathe, but could not speak yet. After some time he turned his face suddenly toward Luther and asked him for God's sake not to detain him any longer on his happy homeward journey, but to allow him to proceed, since nothing better could befall him. "No, Philipp," replied Luther, "you must serve our Lord God still longer!" The sick man grew better rapidly, and Luther at once saw to it that some food was prepared and he himself brought it to Melanchthon. Luther himself testified later that Philipp is certainly one of those, who in the time of the gospel, were delivered from death through prayer. "I," said he, "was also in Smalcald in the jaws of death, but the earnest prayer of pious Christians made me well again. Also you, beloved Käthe," said he to his wife, "were once as dead, and wast restored again through prayer."

A wild French under-officer was once quartered with a pious and very poor woman in Neumark. The poor hostess did and gave what she could to satisfy the officer, but all in vain. One morning he

rode out after breakfast, but first raved and cursed in the most fearful manner and threatened to break everything in the house to pieces, if he did not find a cask of brandy on his return. Trembling the cheerless woman hastened into her chamber, fell upon her face, wept and prayed that God might soften the heart of the raving man. Very much cheered she arose and placed two quarts of brandy with some rolls upon the table. When the soldier returned he asked, "Why so much?" "For you," replied the woman, 'that you may drink enough." "Not so," said he, "only a little glassfull." He drank a glassfull and gave the rest back, and then shook hands with each one in the house and said, "Now I will make peace." From this time on he was quiet as a lamb, friendly with every one and satisfied with everything that was offered him. When he was obliged to leave, he wept like a child.

Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save. Is. 59, 1.

A student, contrary to his custom, took a walk at noon of a winter's day. At a distance he noticed a woman going up and down with a child upon her arms. This appeared unusual to him and he went towards her, but she avoided him. He called to her, but she paid no attention, until he assured her that he wanted to speak with her as a friend. She

now remained standing and wept bitterly. "Madame," said the student, "I do not know you and you do not know me. But I fear God and, if I can, I am ready to help, and you can therefore without fear tell me your trouble." "My husband," said the woman, "is a soldier and is in the war. For a long time I have received no word from him and do not know whether he was slain in battle, or what has become of him. Both of us sought God from our hearts, but now it seems as though God had forsaken me. For three days I and my child have eaten nothing. When my landlord eats, then my child wants to eat too and yet I cannot give it anything. In order not to see this misery I am going away with my child. I was just now crying to God, whether He could with me see my child die, for I have not the courage to ask any one for help." The student, in order to convince her that God still lived, offered her his purse with all the money his parents had just sent him. The woman stood there as lifeless, not knowing whether it was a dream or reality. She hesitated to take all the money, and asked only for a little, but the student compelled her to accept it all. Thus God delivered her from need for a long time.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me. Ps. 138, 7.

Near Baden there lived a clergyman with a large family and a slender income. He was concerned only about the welfare of his congregation and the training of his children. As long as the children could remain at home the income could be made to reach, but it was necessary now to send the older sons to higher schools, and the father made every effort to pay the necessary expenditures at the proper time. But unexpectedly a misfortune befell the family, which consumed every cent they had laid aside. How should the not insignificant sum now be raised, which was necessary for the support of his sons? Friends who could help, there were none. During these times the poor minister often stood at his study window, weighed down with his burden, and looked out up to the hills from whence cometh help, or he sat yet at midnight by the light of his lamp and read to his wife, who was almost discouraged, Paul Gerhard's hymn:

"Commit thy way confiding,"

in order to find comfort. But nowhere did there seem to appear a ray of hope in answer to their prayers and tears. Yet when the need was greatest, help was found. The noble grand-duke of Baden with an official writing sent the clergyman one thousand *gulden* as a token of thankfulness for the faithful service which a deceased member of the clergyman's family had rendered the grand-duke's family.

In Thessalonica, a city of Macedonia, there lived at the time when the great migrations of nations began a man by the name of St. Acholius, who through the power of his prayers wrought deeds like Elisha the prophet. After his death, St. Ambrosius wrote to the Thessalonians concerning him, "So the soldier of Jesus has passed on into heaven, whom the spear of the Gothic hordes in their assaults could not pierce nor the raging war of the nations sweep away. While they laid waste other localities, they sought peace where he was, and when the soldiers wondered what opposed them where no soldiers could be seen the more prudent ones told them that there was a man there who had the spirit of Elisha and they should take heed lest they be smitten with blindness like the Syrians. Elisha it is true did one thing and St. Acholius another. The former conducted the captive hosts of the Syrians into Samaria the latter through his prayers drove the enemy out of Macedonia.

"Or is it not a sign of greater heroism that where there were no soldiers they were driven into flight without soldiers and was it not blindness also that those fled whom no one pursued? But St. Acholius did not pursue nor fight the enemy with swords but with prayers. Or do you not know that the saints are contending, even when they patiently endure? Was not Elisha inactive? He was certainly inactive in the body, but not in the spirit. He fought in his prayers, as the Syrians heard the

noise of horses, chariots and a mighty host so that they said among themselves, 'See the king of Israel has hired against us the kings of the Hittites and the kings of the Egyptians, that they should come against us.' And they arose and fled early in the morning and left their tents, horses and mules in the camp as they were and fled for their lives. Did not the Lord through the prayers of St. Acholius do as great or even greater wonders in Macedonia? For not through empty fear and unnecessary suspicion did the Goths flee, but on account of raging epidemic and pest. Then they fled that they might escape, later they returned and prayed for peace in order that their life might be spared."

At the beginning of the year 1814 Swedes, Cossacks, and the Russo-German legion were stationed only one-fourth of a mile from Schleswig. A truce prevented them from coming nearer. Every day the people of Schleswig heard of new depredations, for the conduct of some of the enemy was wild and barbarous. What might one expect when the truce was ended? With fear the midnight hour of the fifth of January was awaited, for then the terrors of war should again be renewed. At the entrance to the city with considerable prominence stood the house of a poor, pious grandmother who lived with her daughter who was already pretty well up in years and with her grandson who was

twenty years of age. The noble old lady was diligent in prayer. During these days she prayed with simplicity of heart and with great fervency the stanza of an old church hymn:

"Build a wall around us here,
That the enemy may fear."

"Well grandmother," said the grandson, "how can you pray for something so impossible?" "I do not mean by this," she replied, "that God must build a wall right around our house, but I only asked God that He would graciously protect us and our city against the enemy. But if it should please God to build such a wall around us, do you not think that He could do so?" The dreaded hour came. The enemy marched into Schleswig from every side. One could hear how the soldiers rode up to the houses of the neighbors and made all manner of demands, but no one approached the house of the old grandmother. Four companies of Cossacks did not find their way around the city and sought to pass right through, but remained in the nearest part of the city, so that sixty or seventy men were quartered in houses in the neighborhood of the old grandmother. She could hear how terribly they conducted themselves, but not one came to her. Grandmother, daughter, and grandson could not get through wondering about this remarkable fact. After the fearful night was passed one saw with amazement the cause of their being

saved. A severe snowstorm beginning on the evening of the fifth of January, almost the only snow up to this time, had blown a drift as high as a man around the house of the pious woman, so that very naturally the Cossacks were compelled to remain away. "Do you see now," said the grandmother to her grandson, "that God can also build a wall around us?"

The God of my rock; in Him will I trust. He is my shield, and the horn of my salvation, my high tower, and my refuge, my Savior; Thou savest me from violence. 2 Sam. 22, 3.

Louisa Augusta Magdalena, princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, suffered for years with consumption. A severe ailment of the chest, which set in on the first of October 1741, had so wasted the little remaining strength, that her departure was soon expected. She also was aware of her dangerous condition. The physician felt it his duty to tell her candidly what her real condition was and that she would hardly live through the following night. She was prepared to die, but she desired yet to have the full assurance of the grace of God and of the forgiveness of her sins. She therefore called the minister Fresenius, spoke to him freely concerning her spiritual condition, and said that, since God heard the prayer of Hezekiah, who prayed that his life might be lengthened, and granted him fifteen

more years of life, such prayer cannot be displeasing to Him, if it proceeds from a concern for one's spiritual welfare. "Certainly, princess," said Fresenius, "God will not allow you to die until you have found His grace, if that is the only object for which you wish to live longer." The princess promised with a glorious confession of her faith faithfully to use the additional years of life that might be granted to her to find the grace of God, and requested Fresenius that he with the poor members of his family might pray God to lengthen her life. This was done, and many Godfearing people in the city did the same without being asked. Fresenius also prayed in her presence, and she mingled her petitions with his prayers. Already in the same hour the physician could assure her that the force of the sickness was broken, and the next morning the patient was already much better. Her heart was full of praise to God for His glorious grace and help. Her life was spared until the following year, when full of grace she went home to her Lord.

Behold, God is mine helper: the Lord is with them that uphold my soul. Ps. 54, 4.

Innocent, an officer in Carthage, was afflicted with a fistula. He had already undergone many painful and dangerous operations and thought that he was cured, when it was found that a deeply seated portion of the disease had not been dis-

covered by the physician. It was now deemed necessary that he undergo another operation, if he should be at all saved. This information almost brought him and his family to despair. On the evening before the day on which the operation should be performed the clergymen came to him as usual. With tears he requested them to be present the next morning in case he should die under the hand of the surgeon, for he expected nothing else. The clergymen exhorted him to put his trust in the Lord and manfully to endure His will. As they now kneeled down for prayer, Innocent also, as if moved by a higher power, cast himself upon the earth and prayed with such fervency amid many tears that the bishop Augustine, who was present, could not pray, but only in his heart spoke the words, "Lord, what prayer of Thy people wilt Thou hear, if Thou dost not hear this one?" The next morning they all came with much anxiety. The clergymen encouraged the sick man and the surgeons made the necessary prparations. But when they wanted to begin they found nothing more to operate. "The joy, the praise, yea, the fervent thanks to the merciful and almighty God, which came from the life of all who were present and ascended amid many tears of joy I am not able to express in words," wrote Augustine.

And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father. Gal. 4, 6.

Fenneberg, a pious Catholic priest, gave two crown-thaler, all his cash money, to a man who being persecuted for his faith was compelled to leave home. It was to cover his traveling expenses. Some years afterwards, when he was very much burdened with his poverty, he recalled the money which he had given the man. He then said to the Lord, "I also gave Thee once two crown-thaler, and Thou hast not given them back yet. Now I need them very much. Give them to me now, dear Lord." Soon after this prayer the door was opened and a messenger brought a little package with two hundred florins. It was a gift of love of that very person to whom the two crown-thaler had been given. Shame, thanks, joy, and wonder filled the man's heart.

The Lord render to every man his righteousness and faithfulness. 1 Sam. 26, 23.

THE POWER OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A well-to-do joiner took the foolish notion to convert all his possessions into silver-plate and ready money. In vain was he warned against such imprudence. A band of robbers availed themselves of the opportunity, took possession one night of the man's isolated house, bound the inmates and plundered it. On this occasion the joiner received a severe wound in the head. When his spiritual adviser came he found him at the point of death and with consideration sought to prepare him for his departure out of this world. The sick man was almost brought to despair. "God cannot permit that," he cried out; "robbed of all I had, must I now also give up my life and leave my wife and children in misery? That is impossible! No I will not die yet!" In vain the minister used every means to persuade the man to become reconciled with the severe visitation; the impatience of the unfortunate man only grew greater. In his trouble the minister recalled the saying of his former teacher, Professor Köcher at Jena, "If sometime in your calling you should find yourself in great perplexity so that you do not know what to advise or do, then pray the Lord's prayer and apply each petition to the case in hand. You will see how the divine power of this prayer will mightily man-

ifest itself." He therefore prayed thus, "Our Father! This Thou art and wilt remain so long as we shall live. This Thy Son Jesus Christ has procured for us and has made certain with this prayer, that we may call Thee Father and in all our troubles seek refuge in Thee. We do this now in our great need.—Hallowed be Thy name. Thou hast revealed Thy wisdom, goodness, and power in Thy word, in Thy works, and in the guidance of our entire life from childhood up. We have learned to know this. But now we must pray, Really Thou art a hidden God. Yet Thou art always the same. Thy goodness and mercy has still no end. Teach us to know this. Grant that Thou mayest be found in this hour of need.—Thy kingdom come. That it may come to me and I enter into it is the one thing needful. I am at the verge of eternity. Hasten and deliver my soul. Heal its wounds through the blood of Jesus Christ, that it may not be lost. Give me Thy grace. Prepare me for death. Help that I may believe and be saved.—Thy will be done. Thus did Jesus repeatedly supplicate in His death agony while the burden of the sins of the world was upon Him, 'O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will but as Thou wilt.' I supplicate as He did. Hear me for His sake as Thou didst hear Him.—Give us this day our daily bread. Thou hast done this the many years of my life. I thank Thee for it. Thou gavest me life and takest it again. Thou gavest me

abundance and didst take it again. Thy will be done. Thy name be praised. I need no bread any more, but I need Thy presence, Thy bread of life in the hour of death. Give me what my soul needs. —Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. Soon I shall stand before Thy judgment seat. Enter not with me into judgment. God be merciful to me a sinner. Jesus is still my Savior, Mediator, and Advocate, and not my judge. Father forgive me my sins. How shamefully the world robbed Thee, Thou Son of God, of Thy life, and yet Thou didst forgive and say 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Let me follow Thee, Thou Savior of my soul, and from my heart forgive my murderers.— Lead us not into temptation. My pain, my great misery tempts me to impatience, to murmuring, to great sins against Thee and Thy holy name. Keep me, preserve me in this hot hour of temptation.—Deliver us from evil. How often hast Thou thus already delivered me! Lord, I thank Thee. Deliver me also from the last evil of the world. Do not forsake me in the hour of death, Thou faithful Shepherd. Thy death has sweetened my death. Let me pray as Thou didst, 'Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit.'—For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever and ever. Almighty God, the salvation of my soul is in Thy hand. Thou wilt hear my last petition as Thou didst once hear the thief upon the cross. Receive

me into Thy heavenly kingdom through Jesus Christ. Amen." The dying man who had formerly been well instructed and had followed each word in silent prayer, now spoke out with a loud voice, "I am ready now to die, for God hath heard my prayer and in mercy has received me for Jesus' sake. I die happy!" The minister pronounced a benediction upon him, and soon after the sufferer fell gently asleep.

In Sörup in the dukedom of Schleswig there lived in the latter part of the eighteenth century a justice of the peace who was a worthy man. There arose a serious difficulty between two of his neighbors, which promised to end in a long and costly law suit. In vain every effort was made to reconcile the two angry men. The justice of the peace once more invited them together with a number of other friends to his office and said, "Dear friends and neighbors. It was the custom of our forefathers when they undertook some important work first to pray the Lord's Prayer with one another. Let us follow their example." He then took off his hat and with a clear voice and with folded hands he spoke in a spirit of devotion the Lord's Prayer. All who were present joined with him. After the "Amen" was said he turned to the contending parties and said, "Well brethren, do you still desire to go to law with one another?" Moved by the spirit of the prayer and by the power of the word both

as with one mouth said, "No!" They extended their hands in a brotherly way and were reconciled then and there.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Matt. 5, 9.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts. Is. 6, 3.
He is holy; be ye holy.

Pachomius, a heathen young man, was enlisted in the army under the emperor Constantine. Once when the recruits entered a city late in the evening, a number of men unbidden hurriedly brought refreshments for the faint and hungry soldiers and spoke words of encouragement. Very much surprised at this unexpected friendliness Pachomius asked who these men were. He learned that they were Christians who sought to do good to every one and especially to strangers. With great desire he inquired concerning their religion and secretly turned to God and prayed, "If Thou wilt permit me to know this saving religion of love and wilt deliver me from my present trouble, then will I devote my entire life to Thy glory and service." Soon after this Constantine gained a complete victory over his enemies and dismissed a part of his soldiers, among whom was Pachomius. He at once hastened to Chinoboscium, a village near Theba, and there sought instruction in the Christian religion. He was soon after baptized and labored with great blessing among his brethren.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may

see your good works, and glorify your Father, which is in heaven. Matt. 5, 16.

Luther says, "The devil readily suffers it, that Christ should be upon the tongue, if only he is permitted to lie beneath in the heart."

It is related that certain Christians once tried to convert a Jew. The Jew said, "Why do you boast much of yourselves, since you do nothing in which we could honorably follow you? You drink yourselves full of wine, deem adultery no sin, wrong father and mother, and practice usury upon your neighbor. Besides all this you curse one another by the name of God and by the suffering of Christ, whereas you say that you have been redeemed by these sufferings and made heirs of everlasting life. Why do you live such an ungodly life? Who is willing to believe that you are God's people? Certainly no one who has his right mind."

Christ, our dear Lord, us thus hath taught,
Ye call me Masster and ask me not,
Ye call me the Light and see me not,
Ye call me the way and travel me not,
Ye call me the life and desire me not,
Ye call me wise and follow me not,
Ye call me beautiful and love me not,

Ye call me rich and ask of me not,
Ye call me eternal and seek me not,
Ye call me noble and serve me not,
Ye call me merciful and trust me not,
Ye call me almighty and honor me not,
Ye call me righteous and fear me not.
If I will condemn you, censure me not.

While Philipp Melanchthon, with Luther and other learned men, were in Torgau considering the best ways and means for resisting and warding off the threatening evils with which the Church was surrounded, a time of great perplexity came upon them. For a long time they thought and spoke and labored, but arrived at no definite conclusion. Melanchthon was both fatigued and full of concern, when children became the means of leading him to put his trust in God. He was called out of the conference chamber into another, where the wives of three pastors in the midst of their domestic duties were teaching their children prayers for the preservation of the gospel. The careworn man heard the simple prayers of the little children and was much impressed and at once recalled the words, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise." All at once his oppressed spirit was cheered and with cheerful bearing he returned to the conference chamber. "Let us not despair," said he, "I have just now seen the

soldiers who fight for us and are unconquerable. They are our little ones whose cries I have heard, and God will not. God cannot leave them unanswered."

Frederick Myconius, pastor and superintendent at Gotha, suffered from consumption and when in the year 1541 he felt that death was near, he wrote Luther about it with the words that he was lying sick, yet not unto death, but unto life. Luther answered him among other things thus, "I pray and beseech the Lord Jesus, who is life, salvation, and health, that He may not permit the misfortune to befall me that I should outlive and see you and some others of our men precede me, break through the veil into rest, and leave me back in this deceitful and evil world in the midst of devils." He closed his letter with the words, "Fare thou well, my beloved Frederick. May the Lord not permit me to hear so long as I live that you have died, but cause that you may outlive me. I ask this earnestly, will have it vouched for, and have it so, and my will shall be done in this thing. Amen. For this my will seeks the glory of God's name, not my honor nor pleasure." When Myconius read this letter of Luther it seemed to him that he heard the voice of Christ, "Lazarus, come forth," and he regained his health. God also heard Luther's prayer, for he died on the 18th of February, 1546. Myco-

nius died on the 7th of April, and so outlived Luther seven weeks.

In 1836 at Sempach 1400 Swiss shepherds and farmers in their linen frocks and armed with poor weapons stood opposed to the entire body of knights and heavily armed warriors of Duke Leopold of Austria. The haughty enemy, fully conscious of his strength, had but one concern and that was lest the defenseless crowd might escape before they could join battle. But when the attack was about to be made, the Swiss troops began to sing the hymn:

> "Though in the midst of life we be,
> Snares of death surround us."

They then fell upon their knees and prayed with outstretched arms. "Look at them," said one of the knights, "they are praying for mercy!" "Yes," said another who understood the human heart better, "they are praying for mercy, but not of us, but of God, and what that means we will soon learn." And so it happened. The army which gave God the praise gained the victory and performed deeds of heroism that history will never forget.

When Napoleon I. invaded Russia in 1812 the entire Russian nation arose as a man and was much

strengthened in courage through the public prayers of the church. For the emperor, Alexander, had commanded that throughout the entire empire prayers should be made to God to avert the threatened evil. When Napoleon heard of these prayers against him he said, "So they want to conquer me with prayers? Bayonets alone can decide the contest between Emperor Alexander and myself. With my 500,000 warriors I will push forward to Moscow and put their prayers to shame." But soon a fearful judgment of God overtook him and the army of which he was so proud. For when he with his army had entered Russia a winter of unexampled severity set in, which proved the destruction of his hosts. Of the 610,000 warriors with whom he marched into Russia only 1600 men fit for service recrossed the Niemen. Napoleon himself, disguised as a miserable fugitive and seeking to escape on a farmer's sled, had to confess that it is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

A young African Negro, 10 years old, heard a missionary preach and was very much impressed by the sermon. When his master, who was an old and bitter enemy of missionaries, heard of it, he commanded him not to go there again, and, if he did, he would be beaten to death. This order brought the boy into great perplexity. He could hardly keep from going again, and yet he felt that,

if he did, he would certainly have to suffer death. In this great perplexity he sought advice and help at the throne of grace and soon experienced that it was his duty calmly to await the outcome, not to neglect any service to his master, and as to the rest to commend himself to the mercy of God. He accordingly went to the service and on his return he was called before his master who after severely reprimanding him administered 25 strokes and then with blasphemous mockery said to him, "What can Jesus Christ now do for you?" "He gives me strength," said the poor child, "to bear this patiently." "Give him another 25 strokes," said the cruel master. It was done. "What can Jesus Christ now do for you?" asked the master again. "He helps me to think of a future reward," said the little martyr. "Give him another 25," cried the master, beside himself with rage. It was done, and as he took wild pleasure in the death cries of the sufferer, he again asked, "What can Jesus Christ now do for you?" The young martyr, by the last effort of his sinking voice, said, "He helps me pray for thee, master!"—and expired.

A planter in West India had a slave whom he valued very much. Both were very profane men. The slave endeavored to outdo his master in wicked blasphemy in order to please him. But he was converted through a Christian sermon and

no profane words passed his lips any more. On account of this his master became angry, especially because he had said that profane men will go to hell. When the master asked him, "You want to say by this that I also will be damned?" he answered, "Yes, massa, if you do not become converted to God." The planter became raving and cried, "I will not suffer it that you should be converted. If I must go to hell, you shall not have anything better. I command you on the spot to curse. The slave explained that in this matter he must obey God rather than men. The planter then promised him to let him have his way, provided he would only once yet curse God and blaspheme in the words which he would dictate. If he would not do this, he would give him fifty strokes with the hunting whip upon his naked body. This was done and the slave cursed no more.

Escape for thy life; look not behind thee. Gen. 19, 17.

It is well said in the explanation of this petition, "This grant us, dear Father in heaven"; and also, "From this preserve us, heavenly Father." For if God, the heavenly Father, will not do what is needful, we can continue neither in pure doctrine nor in a holy life, since all men are liars and cannot endure the truth. John Pauli fittingly relates this fable:

Four virgins once met and chatted with one another, were happy and said, "Oh, how happy we now are together. If we should again desire to be together, where will we find one another?" The name of the one was fire, the name of the second air, that of the third water, and the fourth was called heavenly truth. They then said, "Fire, where will we find you?" The fire replied, "In a hard stone. When you find the stone, then strike it with steel and you will find me." Upon this they said to the air, "Sister, where will we find you, where do you live?" The air said, "You must look where the little leaf moves and trembles upon the tree. There you will find me and there is my home." Then they said to the water, "Sister, where will we find you and where is your home?" And the water said, "Wherever you find rushes, there dig until you get down to the roots, there you will find me, there is my home." Then said they, "O thou noble daughter, heavenly divine truth, where will we find thee?" The heavenly truth replied, "O, ye dear sisters, ye have all described the places where one can find you, but alas, I have no house of my own, no one is willing to receive me, no one wishes to hear of me, no one is willing to open where I knock, but where I go people avoid me, and where my intentions are good, there they consider me an enemy, and where I would like to remain, there they drive me away with hatred, lies, and contradictions."

THY KINGDOM COME.

It does not say, "Let us come into Thy kingdom," but, "Thy kingdom come to us." For of ourselves we are unable to enter into the kingdom of God, it must come to us, we must through God be brought into His kingdom. And the kingdom of God comes and no one yet ever prevented it from coming, for it is like the sun, which pursues its course and rises higher, whether one desires it or resists.

When John Huss was burned at the stake he cried from the midst of the flame, "To-day according to my name you roast a goose," for in the Bohemian language the name Huss means goose, "but after a hundred years there shall rise out of my ashes a swan, which ye will not have the power to roast." Luther himself appealed to this prophecy with the words, "Huss has prophesied concerning me, etc. And if it be God's will, it shall also stay at this."

In Prague an evangelical hymn book of the Bohemian Protestants was preserved, which was decorated with costly pictures. In one of these pictures Wycliffe could be discerned, who already before

Huss attacked the false doctrines of the pope, striking fire with stone and steel. Then appears Huss who is kindling a few little sticks, and finally Luther with a blazing torch.

The 95 theses which Luther nailed to the door of the castle church at Wittenberg on October 31, 1517, had gone through all Germany in fourteen days; after six weeks they were all over Europe; and at the beginning of the new year a traveler bought them in Jerusalem. Europe had no railroads nor telegraphs then.

After Luther had begun his work a young prince made a pilgrimage from Germany to Campostella in Spain to atone for his sins. When he here now confessed his sins to an old monk and told him his purpose the monk said to him, "Indeed, my son, why do you go so far for that which you can get much nearer home? I have recently seen a writing from an Augustine monk by the name of Luther, in which he powerfully teaches and shows from God's word that man can secure salvation by no other means than by faith in Jesus Christ. Hold yourself to this and you are delivered already."

When the landgrave Philipp of Hesse was taken captive at the battle of Mühlberg on April 24, 1547, and the emperor promised him, in case he would

deny his evangelical faith, the county of Katzenellenbogen and Duke George of Meissen, and to make him heir of all his possessions and lands, he shook his head and diligently prayed:

"I thank Thee, Christ, O Son of God,
That this to me Thou hast made known
Through Thy heavenly word.
Grant me, O Jesus, faithfulness
Unto my soul's eternal bliss."

The example of duke Henry of Saxony proves that those who seek first the kingdom of God shall not want in earthly blessings. When duke George, the great enemy of the Lutheran doctrine, was about to die, it was his purpose to make Henry, his brother, heir of his realm, yet with this condition, that duke Henry should promise never to permit the gospel to be preached in his dominion. If he would not do this, the lands should recur to the emperor. The nobility lent their aid and said that they themselves would deal with duke Henry and so prevail upon him with good words that he would give his consent. They now approached him with all possible pleasing speech and urged among others also this reason, that aside from the beautiful country there was also on hand much gold, uncoined silver and silver plate, all of which he could secure, if he would gratify his

brother in this one thing. But the honest prince replied, "Ye remind me of nothing else than of the devil with Christ in the wilderness, who said, 'All these things will I give Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me.' If my brother can disinherit me with a good conscience, he may do so. Think not, however, that for the sake of money or possessions I will hinder in its course the word of God, which He Himself has set in action. I will rather be a poor prince than to sacrifice God and His word."— However, what took place? Before those who were sent could return duke George, the declared enemy of the gospel, died, so that the testament could not be completed. Duke Henry now hastened, received the oath of allegience as the nearest heir, possessed the land, and from that hour permitted the gospel to be preached.

When in the year 304 the royal decree to sacrifice to the gods was proclaimed in Iconium, Julitta, a lady of Lycaonia and of noble birth, left her native city in order not to expose herself unnecessarily to martyrdom. Of all her possessions she took with her only her three year old son, Cyricus, and two faithful female servants. In Tarsus, however, she was seized and brought back to Iconium before the ruler Alexander. She cheerfully acknowledged that she was a Christian. On account of this confession she was placed upon the rack, but she bore

all the torture with great patience. Only the child wept bitterly when it saw its mother's suffering, and was determined to go to her. Even the hard heart of the ruler was touched by these tears and as he was especially attracted by the peculiar beauty of the child, he took it upon his knees and sought to quiet it. The child, however, only cried the more, continually calling the mother by name, and since it was not permitted to go to her, it began suddenly to repeat her words, "I am a Christian, I am a Christian!" This stirring expression of childlike innocence, which should have softened a heart of adamant, changed the ruler's pity into sudden rage. He flung the child to the earth with such fury that the ground was bespattered with his brains. The faithful mother was compelled to witness this deed from her place of torture. Yet however much her motherly heart bled she thanked God with a loud voice that her child had preceded her and that she would no longer need to be concerned about its future lot. To increase her torture, the ruler commanded burning pitch to be applied to her feet and her sides to be torn with iron hooks. Finally he condemned her to be beheaded. She was led to the place where it was customary to bury criminals. Here she fell upon her knees and prayed, "I thank Thee, O my God, that Thou didst first take my son into Thy kingdom. Grant now also unto Thy handmaid, unworthy as she is, that she may also be received

there! Lead me like the wise virgins into the marriage chamber!" When she had said this, the executioner cut off her head. This took place on July 15.

Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, treated all with such love as though she were the mother of all and with such humility and deference as though she was the child of every one. She applied herself fervently to prayer and to the exercise of godliness, she diligently attended the services of God's house and faithfully trained up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Yet her Augustine proved to be a true son of sorrow to her. Early already the seed of sin was rampant in his heart. To shine as an orator was the ambition of his life. In the school at Carthage he was finally yet completely led astray. There he indulged all the lusts of the flesh, lived in fornication, gave himself passionately to the study of the stars and was a regular attendant at the theater. He separated himself completely from the Christian religion by joining the pernicious sect of the Manicheans.

Thus he returned to his native city, Tagoste, a backslider although great in learning. Monica was consumed with bitter grief at the apostasy of her precious firstborn. Day and night with many tears she besought God in his behalf, until her knees became sore and her hands tired with wringing and until her voice grew faint with sobbing. With

many tears she also admonished the son himself from the warmth and love of her mother heart. Yet everything seemed to be in vain. But God now comforted her by means of a wonderful dream. It seemed to her that she was standing upon a level and there appeared to her a radiant young man who smiled pleasantly and asked, "Why do you consume yourself with grief?" And when she replied that she was troubled on account of the ruin of her son, he told her to look confidently about her and said, "Where you stand, he stands also." She related this dream to her son, and when he interpreted it to mean that she would accept his faith, but that he would never return to her faith, she quickly replied, "No, no! he did not say, where he, there also you, but, where you,, there also he." Yet this ray of hope did not make her negligent in her prayers for him, she only the more with sighs and tears continued to pray for his salvation. When once, weeping, she complained to a godfearing bishop of the ruin of her son, he cried out, deeply moved, "Cease, for as sure as you live, it is not possible that a child of so many prayers and tears should be lost!" Often the mother afterwards related to her son that this sentence was like words that came down from heaven and penetrated her heart.

Yet just now it seemed that all her hopes should prove untrue. Living in the presence of his mother grew continually more uncongenial for Augustine.

He resolved to go to Rome. When he made his purpose known to his mother, she declared that she would accompany him thither. This determination on her part was very undesirable for Augustine. In order to get rid of his mother he made all kinds of pretenses, and when they all proved unavailing, he finally had recourse to a lie. He took his mother down to the beach and told her there that they must wait for a favorable wind and persuaded her to spend the night in a chapel near by while he went to call upon a friend. While the mother now during the night besought God in his behalf with warm tears he took shipping and sailed away with a favorable wind. When Monica came to the beach the next morning and could not see the ship, she sighed aloud. Sorrowful she returned home, yet she earnestly and unceasingly continued to pray for her son.

Soon after his arrival at Rome Augustine became deathly sick. That he did not die in his sins as one who had fallen away from his holy faith he later ascribed alone to the prayers of his blessed mother. After his recovery he was called to Milan as a public teacher of rhetoric. There he went for the sake of curiosity to hear Ambrosius preach, who had a great reputation for his eloquence. The words which he heard here began to burn and he consented to enter the class of catechumens. When Monica heard of this she took shipping and followed him. During the journey a

terrible storm arose, yet Monica had such joyful faith that she encouraged the fearful sailors and promised them a safe issue of the journey. When Monica arrived in Milan Augustine confessed to her that he was no longer a Manichean, but neither was he yet a Christian. But Monica replied, "I truly believe that before I depart this life I will see you a true Christian." This confidence was not put to shame. The decisive moment when he must choose one or the other finally came for Augustine. Upon his knees, he cried, with tears, to the Lord for mercy. And behold, he then heard by his side the voice as of a singing child, "Take and read, take and read!" Hastily he grasped the Holy Scriptures. As he unrolled a copy of the letters of St. Paul the first words upon which his eyes fell were these, "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying, but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." Rom. 13, 13. 14. The Holy Ghost gave him strength to say yea and amen to this with his whole heart. For with those words a bright light fell upon his soul and the night of doubt had fled. With joyfulness Monica learned from him what had taken place and soon afterwards, on Easter of 387, she had the pleasure to see him baptized and resolve to serve the Church as a minister of the gospel. Monica now felt that she had accomplished her

work upon earth, wherefore she soon afterwards said to Augustine, "Son, this life no longer has any charm for me. I know not what I should still have to do here or why I should remain here any longer, since there is no more any earthly hope left for me. There was just one thing for which I still desired to live and that was to see you a Christian ere I should die. God has fulfilled my hope beyond all expectation, since I now behold you as His servant. Why should I linger here any longer?" Her longing was granted her. After a few days she fell asleep in the Lord, mourned by her son Augustine, for whose conversion she had prayed twenty long years.

A certain official brought his son to the pious preacher Flattich of Württemburg with the request that he would instruct and train him. "I must confess," said the official when he was alone with the minister, "that my son is really a desperate fellow with whom so far all teaching and training and punishment was in vain. I have kindly admonished the boy, I have beaten him and starved him, have shamed him before the people, but there was no change." Flattich asked the man whether he had not tried some other heroic cures besides hunger and the rod? "Yes," was the reply, "I shut the boy up with bread and water once for two days. I also left him to suffer with cold." Thus

upon repeated questions he mentioned still other means of a similar kind, all of which had been without avail. Flattich then asked the official whether he had also right diligently and earnestly prayed for and with his son. The man acknowledged that he had not done that. "If you have not yet applied this heroic treatment," said Flattich, "then of course it need not surprise you that all the care which you have bestowed upon the boy's skin has been in vain. You neglected first of all to give real life to the skin. Simply to tan a lifeless hide will not do it any good." Flattich now tried his cure upon the boy and it was so successful that the desperate fellow turned out to be an altogether excellent and successful young man.

As missionary Shaw was one day reading from the Bible to some Kaffirs, one of the chiefs came, and, after he had listened for some time, cried out, "O, why was not this word brought to us long ago? What has become of our ancestors who have died? O, if that which is written in this book is true, why did you not come sooner?" The missionary at this moment was ashamed of Christians and frankly confessed that it was true that Christ had commanded His gospel to be preached among all nations and that this command was neglected only too long. But he could also testify that many Christians had now come to know that this was

wrong and an earnest effort would now be made to bring the word of life to every nation as soon as possible. Upon hearing this their countenances beamed with joy and one said, "It was certainly not right for you people, after you had found such a sweet honey-comb, to sit around and eat it and say, 'Ah, how sweet it is,' notwithstanding that the Lord had said, 'There is enough for the whole world.' But yet we rejoice that you have now resolved to divide with us."

In the reign of the emperor Constantine, a pious virgin by the name of Numia was carried away captive by a horde of the warlike Iberiens who now dwell in Georgia. She was compelled to serve as a slave in one of the native families, but by her quiet and pious walk she soon won in a very high degree the confidence of the heathen. By the providence of God now a certain child became very sick and in accordance with the custom of that nation it was carried from house to house so that every one who knew a remedy for the disease should state it. But no one could help. Finally the child, almost at the point of death, was also brought to Numia. The humble Christian said that she herself of course knew of no remedy, but her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ can also help then when in the eyes of men there is no help to be found. She then knelt down and with earnest prayer called

upon the great Physician of our souls. The Lord heard the prayer of His handmaid. The child recovered. The event became the talk of the people and was soon brought to the ears of the queen. Yet this, like so many wonders of grace, would soon again have been forgotten, had not, by the providence of God, the queen herself soon after become very sick. The queen in her sickness thought of Numia. She sent to her with the request to be healed. The Christian was frightened. It had not been in her mind at all to proclaim herself as a wonder worker. She did not go, but with an humble answer declined the call. Then the sick queen had herself carried to the slave. Numia now believed to see the finger of God and did not dare to resist any longer. She pointed the sufferer away from her own person to the true Helper and prayed with her and had the pleasure of seeing that the Lord again heard her earnest prayer. The queen was restored. If the first healing had already created a sensation, how much more this. The thankful king wanted to send the slave some rich presents, but the queen whose heart was touched by the hand of the Lord told him that the Christian despises all earthly possessions and that her greatest reward would be this, if the nation with her would turn to the God of the Christians. But such food was too strong for the heathenish thoughts of the king, who in his own heart had not yet experienced the power of faith. Not long afterwards the king,

while hunting, was overtaken by a thick fog at the very time that he was lost from his companions. Perplexed he wandered about without knowing how to escape from his trouble. Here the Lord, in the stillness of the forest, again knocked at the door of his heart. He suddenly recalled all that had been related to him of the power and the goodness of the Christian's God, and impelled by an inner power he called upon this God and vowed to consecrate himself entirely to His service if He would reveal Himself to him and show him a way out of his trouble. Soon the atmosphere became clear and, as though guided by an invisible hand, he safely found his companions. Now the feeling of his heart was altogether different. The hard rock was softened. He called Nunia, and her words fell like the refreshing dew upon the dry land. He was not only converted from his very heart, but he also remained true to his promise and traveled back and forth in his land as a missionary. He himself instructed the men, while the queen instructed the women of the Iberien nation. Later he called ministers of the gospel from the Roman empire, who labored there with great blessing. Thus Christianity was planted among these people and the church in this country, although mixed with much superstition, has as by a miracle of God been preserved unto this day, while the storms of the following times and the judgment of God, serving as an example for us, brought desolation to all the

neighboring churches, once renowned for their prosperity. The event related here took place during the years from 320 to 333 A. D., and December 15 is celebrated by the church in memory of Numia.

On a farm not far from Osnabrück there labored among many other servants, both male and female, a lad of seventeen or eighteen years, and although his employer was not acquainted with true Christianity, yet he had no pleasure in the ungodliness of the fellow, but was only pained by it. But the farmer did not want to dismiss him, since he was the child of his deceased brother. The boy however grew worse and worse. Wrangling with the other workmen, cursing and blasphemy, cruelty to the cattle which he was to herd, lying and unfaithfulness toward his master increased from day to day. The farmer's best horse grew lame and the good for-nothing fellow was sent to Osnabrück to secure the veterinary surgeon. On his way he saw many people driving or walking along with him and when he asked where all these people were going and what was going on to-day in Osnabrück, he received the reply that it was the day for the mission festival. Mission festival! The word made a powerful impression upon the young man. Concerning missions he knew not a word, but of the heathen he had often heard. One of his fellow

servants was at the fair the preceding year and had much to say about the wonderful things which he saw there, but the most remarkable were the heathen that were shown there. Wild people appeared half-naked upon the stage, glistening black, the teeth and the eyes white as snow, and their weapons arrows and bows, and their food was living chickens, which they devoured feathers and all. The servant related wonders about them and said that the little children of these wild heathen looked like devils. A mission festival there will be today! The young fellow hastily engaged the surgeon and then rushed out of the house, followed the company of country people and asked where the mission festival was. They invited him to go with them. He entered the church. There he sat in the dense crowd. The organ resounded through the broad halls, the thousand-voiced song began and rushed like ocean waves and struck upon the heart of the youth. Finally the singing and the organ ceased. "Now it'll come," thought the youth, stood up, stretched his neck, and looked in the direction in which all were looking, and sure enough, a black man ascended the pulpit. But only his robe was black, his countenance was white and pleasant. It was the sainted Pastor Weibezahn, who delivered an impressive festival sermon. The poor boy had never heard any one preach as he did,—every word struck home to his heart. The misery of the heathen, as the speaker described it,

was his own misery. And the Savior's love that goes out after the lost ones, was also for him. He was disappointed in his expectations, and was not disappointed: he wanted to see the wild heathen, and he did see at least one, himself. The sermon was over, but like every true sermon only begins when it is ended, so also here. "You are the heathen," says a voice within him. But the voice says also, "You can be saved through the Lord Jesus Christ; only go to Him, He will receive you." The people left the church, the baskets were filled with offerings. The poor youth had nothing, and yet he had given everything. He had given himself to his Savior. He left the city, others also. He talked with them upon the way; he continually received more light, comfort and peace; he had found Christian hearts which were concerned about him. He returned home. The surgeon had long before been there; the farmer was satisfied with the service of the youth. He ate, drank and went to his work just as formerly, and yet altogether different. He became a quiet young man and did his work, and even more than was commanded him, with a quiet joyful disposition. He took the dusty Bible from the shelf above the door and followed the herd with it under his arm. The cattle fared well now and returned peacefully home from the pasture field, for as the shepherd, so the flock. In the evening he performed, in addition, all kinds of unbidden work, was helpful to his mistress, assisted

the children to learn their verses and hymns for school, was friendly toward all his fellow servants, felt true peace in his heart and was full of courage. Finally his uncle, the farmer, succeeded in learning from him what had taken place and shook his head on account of the youth and the heathen, because to him also the Lord was still an unknown God. But after all he was not dissatisfied. If the youth did have his head filled with foolish things, he at least had a good hired hand in him now, and he was satisfied with this, just like thousands are satisfied to enjoy the fruits of Christianity without having Christianity itself. Thus almost a year passed. The young man had grown older and had made progress. His master however did not make the like progress. But as his vexation at the other hired hands and servants did not disappear, but rather increased, as was commonly complained, the farmer said one evening in great anger as he brought his fist down upon the table, "Just wait, it will soon be time again for the mission festival at Osnabrück, and as sure as God in heaven lives I will hitch to the wagon and have you all packed in together, for it is simply impossible to get along with you any more and there is no other way of improving you but to take you to the mission festival; that I can see in that young fellow there. Come, nephew, you shall no longer be herdsman, I will make you my hired hand and double your wages." Thus it was done. The farmer took all

his people to the mission festival and for some of them it proved really helpful, but most of all for himself. From this time there was a change in the home of the farmer, and oft the Bible was yet taken down from the shelf and found its way into the hands of some inmate of the farm, who had a desire for salvation, and from the hand to the heart.

This story plainly shows how missions to heathen are a blessing to ourselves. It is seen here how missions which are carried on by Christians for the sake of barbarous heathen prove a wholesome check to barbarism among Christians themselves. As mission houses increase, houses of correction decrease.

The Lutheran preacher, J. Ph. Fresenius, who was noted for his genuine piety, once found himself in company with pious noblemen, who desired to carry on an edifying conversation, when a worldly-minded cavalier announced himself to their host. The entire company was shocked at this interruption and unanimously resolved to decline the visit and in a graceful way to conduct the cavalier, who was already in the yard, to the gate. Fresenius however represented that they should receive him into their company, and that by the grace of God it might prove a blessing to him. After considerable discussion his wish was granted, yet on the condition that he himself carry on the conversa-

tion with the cavalier, which Fresenius was willing to do. When he entered the room he was hardly recognized by the other members of the company, but Fresenius began to talk with him on topics from the newspaper and then on other secular subjects. Finally he led on quite easily to spiritual subjects, and soon afterwards the cavalier with tears in his eyes confessed before the entire company that he was no Christian yet, but that he desired to be instructed. He then in a most touching way took his leave. The entire company were ashamed of themselves before God on account of their want of love and resolved in the future not again to cast away the unconverted soul.

A missionary in the English colonies of North America one day heard a young Negro slave pray as follows: "O Lord Jesus, I thank Thee that Thou didst once send a big ship with wicked men into my native land to carry me away and bring me to this place where I could hear people speak of Thee and could learn to love Thee. And now, O Lord Jesus, I pray Thee for another great kindness, send yet other wicked men in another big ship that they may carry away my father and mother and bring them to this land, so that they may also learn to know and to love Thee." Some days afterward the missionary saw the colored child sitting on the shore of the ocean with its eyes fixed on the wide

waters. To the question, "What are you looking for, Thomas?" he answered, "I am watching whether the Lord Jesus has heard my prayer." For two years the child was seen every day watching at the shore. One day he came to the missionary, his eyes beaming with joy, and cried out, "They are here!" God had heard the boy's prayer.

One day a minister was called to a member of his congregation to comfort him in the hour of his death. The sick man spoke as follows to the minister: "My dear pastor, if it should please the Lord to restore me again from my sickness, I would certainly live a different kind of life. Although I have indeed by the grace of God learned to know and to love the gospel, yet it gives me much concern that I have done so little to the glory of Jesus' name. O, if I shall recover, I will make it my most sacred duty to support the work of missions with all my strength. I indeed contributed yearly my portion and cheerfully attended the mission services, but my heart was not in the work. O, I have by far, by far, not done enough!" The minister then asked him what led him to such thoughts. He answered, "In the past night I awoke about midnight from gentle slumber. When I drew back the curtain to see if any one was sitting up with me, I saw my two dear sons sitting by my bed, the one on the right side, the other on the left. So soon

as I moved they hastened to me from both sides with loving care to see if they could do anything for me. At this I suddenly recalled what was lately said in the mission service concerning the Hindus, that children let their parents perish or drown them in the river. The thought then entered my soul, why is it that it is different with us? Why do not my sons also carry me out and throw me into the river? Why do they sit up with me at midnight and observe every breath I draw? Must I not thank the gospel for all this? O, what have I now done to bring this blessed gospel to my poor heathen brethren? If the first Christians had been like myself, my sons would not be sitting by my side, no one would be with me, and I would have to go on in the fear of death and without hope. For that reason, if the Lord will lengthen my life, I will be more earnestly concerned for the salvation of the poor heathen, and will with greater zeal support the work of missions by prayer and by deed.

Not many years ago a New England ship stranded in a great storm. The crew escaped to an island upon boats. One of the boats was attacked by the natives of the island, who were cannibals, and some of the men murdered. The rest escaped by a hair's breadth. After some years another ship was driven upon this island. The cap-

tain had also been in the company of those previously wrecked. On account of the continued storm and many hardships he was compelled to land upon the island. He at once from the previous adventure recognized the fatal sea coast. Filled with fear they sought to keep themselves hid. In looking around for a cave they passed cautiously over a hill. Suddenly the foremost one of the company cried out in rapture, "We are saved! we are saved!" He namely had seen an humble village and above it a grand church-tower pointing heavenward. The sailors were so glad at this outward sign of Christianity that they did not know what to do, but to leap, to embrace one another and to weep for joy. They then descended into the valley and instead of finding man-eaters, they found a converted Christian people, who kindly looked after all their wants.

THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

In France there was once a poor boy who was simply called Little Peter. He had no parents living and had to beg his bread from door to door. He could also sing sweetly and it was very seldom that he was allowed to go away empty handed. But he had the peculiar custom of always repeating the words, "This is from above." His father namely had told him upon his death-bed, although he perhaps had no bed, for he was very poor, "My beloved Peter, you will be left all alone, and much will occur to you in this world which will not please you. But only always think, 'It all comes from above,' and it will be an easy matter for you to endure it." Little Peter marked this and in order that he might not forget it he always thought the words so loud that they could be heard, "It comes from above." If he rapped at a window and a voice was heard from within, "Who is there?" he answered, "An alms for little Peter." Or if he sang without a stanza:

> Give Little Peter consolation;
> He journeys without hat or shoe
> Towards his home above so true;
> On earth he has no habitation,

one knew already who was there and gave him

something at the window or at the door. For every gift he thanked the donor with the words, "Thank you, it comes from above." When little Peter grew older he began to think what the words, it comes from above, mean. And as he had good understanding he soon saw that sin could not come from God, but yet while we must believe that God governs the world, one can say concerning everything which takes place, that it comes from above. With this faith he got along very well. While he was once passing along through the city a severe storm suddenly came up and a slate, blown from a roof, fell upon his shoulder and knocked him to the ground. His first word was, "It comes from above." The people laughed at him and thought that it was certainly quite natural that slate from roofs will fall down from above and not fall up from beneath, but they did not know how he meant the words. And behold, a minute later, the storm on the same street tore an entire roof off so that three men were killed on the street. If Little Peter had gone right on, he would have come to that place the very moment the roof fell and would have been killed. It really came from above then that the piece of slate fell upon him, but not only from the roof, but higher, down from heaven. Another time he was engaged to carry a letter for an important person to the next city and was commanded to do it with the greatest possible speed. On his way he had to leap over a ditch full of water. But the ditch was

so wide that Little Peter fell into it and was almost drowned. The letter remained sticking in the mud and could not be found again. When Little Peter again stood upon his feet he said, "It comes from above." He now returned home and told the man his misfortune. The man became very angry and drove the boy out of the house with the whip. As Little Peter stood upon the street he said, "It comes from above." The following day the man called him again and said, "See here, you shall have two ducats, because you fell into the water. If the letter had reached its destination promptly it would have been very unfortunate for me; circumstances changed suddenly."

I could relate still more similar things about Little Peter. After he had got to be a big Peter, though he was still always called Little Peter, a wealthy Englishman came, who had heard about him, and had him brought to him in order to give him a gift. When Little Peter entered the room the Englishman asked him, "What do you think, Peter, why did I call for you?" Peter answered, "It comes from above." This pleased the Englishman. He made up his mind at once and said to Peter, "You are right: you shall be my attendant and it shall fare well with you. Will you accept the position?" "It comes from above," said Peter, "why should I not accept it?" Accordingly the wealthy Englishman took Peter along. We were all sorry that he appeared no more before our windows to sing

his beautiful songs. But he himself for some time had been very much dissatisfied with begging and we were therefore very much pleased that he was provided for. A long time afterwards we heard that the Englishman when he died willed a large sum of money to Little Peter and that he is now a well-to-do man in Birmingham. But he still says to everything that occurs, "It comes from above."

For the Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? Is. 14, 27.

There was once a mother who had an only child, a little son. It happened that the child became sick and the sickness grew worse and worse. It could easily be seen that there was no help and that the child must die. The mother at the beginning already had great fears, but when the sickness seemed to be becoming fatal she almost turned a maniac from frantic despair, for the child was dearer to her than the whole world and than God himself. When the clergyman heard of it he also visited her to comfort her and to lead her to resignation, but it was all in vain. He then tried another method. He stood by the deathbed of the sick child praying aloud and saying among others also these words, "Lord ,if it be Thy will, then grant life and health again unto this child." The mother heard these words of prayer and frantically screamed, "Not, if it *be* His will, I cannot endure

that. It *must* be His will, He dare not permit my child to die." The minister was frightened at these words and returned home again. But see, contrary to human expectation and to the unbounded pleasure of the mother the child got well again and grew up.

Yes, it grew and became a man, that mother's child which by force she would not permit to die. It grew and became large with respect to the body and—with respect to wickedness. From year to year the fellow caused his mother more and greater vexation, shame and heart-crushing trouble. Finally she also lived to see him commit a capital crime and then sentenced and executed.

I will not brood over the secrets of God, for such thoughts are served like moths when they flutter around the burning lamp, they get burnt. But this much I will say, Do not with sinful speech or with sinful self-will interfere with God's will, He might otherwise allow your will to be done, which would often prove a great misfortune.

God sometimes gives in anger what He does not want to give in love. The children of Israel prayed for meat. God gave it, but afterward they ate of it to their death.

John Frederick, the Magnanimous, was imprisoned in Augsburg in the year 1550. He here learned that the Lutheran ministers there were

forcibly deprived of their office and commanded to leave the country. The pious prince had one of these preachers come to him and when he learned that the emperor had forbidden them the entire Roman empire, he arose very much affected, walked to the window and shed tears of sympathy. But soon he turned about again and said, "Did the emperor also forbid you heaven?" "No!" "Oh, then there need be no fear, heaven shall still be ours. God will no doubt find another country yet where ye shall be permitted to preach His word." He then reached for his saddle-bags and said, "In this is eveything that I now have upon earth. I will honor you therefrom with a traveling penny. Divide it with your brethren of the cross. I am indeed also a prisoner, but my God will undoubtedly again provide me with something." This is the very prince who submitted to no man, but submitted himself the more deeply to God and therefore had such strong confidence in Him. While the emperor once attempted by the severest threats to force him to religious things which were against his conscience, there was a powerful clap of thunder from the clear sky. Upon this John Frederick broke out in these words, "Oh yes, thou powerful God of old, Thou still lettest Thyself be heard that we may know that Thou dost still live. Thou wilt make it well!" Charles, the emperor, was com pelled to admire this staunch soul and gave up the hope of conquering it.

A farmer who was sick was visited by his pastor and was asked how he was getting along and replied, "Just as I would have it." "How must I understand this?" said the pastor. "Do you wish sickness for yourself?" "No," said the farmer, "but what God wills that I also will. It is God's will that I should be sick now, I will that too. If it be His will that I should die now, then it is my will too. Does He will that I should get well again, then I will it too. Everything is placed in His hands, let Him deal with me as it pleases Him."

A godly minister had only one child, a little son, and little pleasure and comfort besides in the world. The child was the joy of his eyes and of his heart, and he was not satisfied when it was not with him. But it became sick and it seemed evident that its end was near. The minister complained before God that He was about to take from him the only joy of his heart, and besought Him with great earnestness and fervency that He would permit him to keep the child. And this he sought, not as it is right, on the condition that it be God's will, but simply insisting upon the promise that God will hear our prayers. But as he arose from prayer and entered the room where the child lay, he saw that it had fear and pain, not only of the body but also of the soul, since it cried out with changed countenance and great fright, "I will go to hell!

I will go to hell!" The father sought to persuade the child to the contrary and told it to pray. But it answered, "I cannot, I do not feel like praying, I will go to hell!" as he cast himself about in the bed and did not know for fright what to do. The sorrowful father, who however was experienced in Christianity, soon observed why it was that a child of five years in its death struggle knew something about the pain of hell. He hastened back again into his little chamber, fell upon his face before the great God, and prayed that He might forgive him for striving against His will which alone is good. He resigned himself and his child to the fatherly foresight of God and sought only this that God might make his child partaker of the merits of the precious blood and sufferings of Jesus Christ, forgive all its sins, vouchsafe to it a peaceful and blessed end, and permit him to see his child again in His own holy presence. So soon as he returned to the room the little boy called out, "Dear father, now I can pray!" and began at once joyfully to say, "The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin." And also the following:

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

When the father asked the child whether it yet had fears of hell it said, "Oh no, I am going to

heaven to the holy angels." A few hours afterwards it died peacefully and triumphantly.

Christian III, king of Denmark, was considered by the writers, both of his own and of other countries, as the most just and pious king of his time. He proved his Christianity most beautifully by his patience under continued sickness. When medicine did not take effect he did not murmur nor become impatient, but often laughingly said, "Where are we now, who are accustomed to being called the great ones, when we are so utterly cast down by a fever? On account of what are we so proud? Even when we are adorned with all manner of human righteousness, we still bring nothing to God but a heap of sin. Therefore let us seek refuge in the Son of God and accept His righteousness by true faith. This will lead us to eternal life."

Landgrave Philipp of Hesse had in his army an honorable and faithful officer by the name of Heinz of Lüder. When his master's entire domain was overrun by the enemy he alone held the stronghold of Zeigenhain with unshaken fidelity. Melanchthon looked upon this man as one who really understood the gospel and he also tells us why. He namely says, "I was at Frankfurt at a meeting of a number of noblemen, among whom was also Heinz of

Lüder, an earnest and prominent man, who is now commander in chief of the armies of Hesse. The others began to talk about theological matters. Heinz of Lüder however became indignant, earnestly rebuked them and said, "Why do you amuse yourselves with these divine things? I see that none of you really know anything at all about such serious matters. See, I also thought once that I was learned and knew something, but I knew nothing about these theological matters. Only after I became sick lately did I begin to learn something about such questions."—He accordingly looked upon temptation as his teacher, which taught him to observe God's word and to learn it.

John de Monte Mirabile, captain at Camerich, once gave a magnificent supper to a number of noblemen in the little town of Crepicord, to which he also, as was his custom, invited a number of poor people. Among these was a blind man who after the supper thanked his host not only for the supper, but, as he expressed it, also for a much greater benefaction. When his host wanted to know what this benefaction was he answered, that it was because he had commanded his eyes to be cut out. He had formerly been a prominent cavalier but at the same time a miserable robber and adulterer and for this reason the captain commanded him to be seized and his eyes put out. In this way oc-

casion was given him to think about his sins, to repent and to begin to live a Christian and god-fearing life. For such a benefaction he cannot in all eternity thank the captain enough. For otherwise he would with seeing eyes and with great possessions and honor have gone to hell; now he hopes, although he is blind and poor, to go to heaven.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

It is something great to have God's word and a piece of bread.

No one has everything and no one has nothing.

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Matt. 4, 4. Bread does not nourish me of itself, but only then when God commands it to nourish me, as is seen in the case of the sick; food does not nourish, but rather injures him. A garment does not make me warm of itself, but only then when God commands it to warm me, for it will not warm the man who is suffering from chills. The Germans attest this knowledge of the goodness of God by calling it the "dear" bread (liebe Brodt) and when a piece of bread falls on the ground pick it up with great respect, kiss it and say, "One must not trample the dear bread under foot."

He who goes to the table without prayer goes away without the blessing of God and his meat and drink may prove the means of his death just as well as, had he sanctified them with prayer, they would have ministered to the support of his bodily life.

The Rabbis say: The man who enjoys a single gift of this world without thanksgiving is like one who has robbed God.

Do not choose, but acept thankfully what God provides. The emperor Rudolph of Hapsburg was besieging a fortified city. When there was a lack of meat in the army and afterwards also of bread and the soldiers began to murmur greatly, he went into the turnip fields near the city and began to pull turnips and to eat them and showed them to the soldiers and said, "So long as we have these we will not die, neither from hunger nor from thirst. Therefore make use of these and wait patiently for something better."

"Pious children." Many children, many Lord's Prayers; many Lord's Prayers, many blessings.— You often think your children eat with you, but really you eat with your children.—The ancients relate a nice story. At the creation God made the stalk of wheat that the ear or grains extended from the ground to the top of the stalk so that the stalk itself was not at all visible. After man had fallen into sin God began to strip off the ear entirely, but remembering the little children He left the top on, so that we older ones now eat with the children and not the children with us.

Little children tread upon the feet of parents, the big ones upon their heart.

Poverty is not poverty, unless it is not cheerful. "Have you really so much to thank God for,"

said a rich landlord to his poor neighbor who was a poor weaver, "because you sing every evening,

"'Now thank we all our God?'

"You have little income from your trade and you have a large family to support; you must certainly be in close circumstances." "It is all true, my neighbor," said the weaver, "but it is so about giving thanks; what we have we thank God for, because it does us good, and for what we have not we thank God, because we do not need it."

There is much meat in the furrows of the poor. Pray and work, God will always help.

An intelligent Christian citizen of Magdeburg heard that one of his true friends was very much worried because there was a decrease in his daily supplies. He then went to him and assuming a very careworn face said, "I really do not know what we shall do and where we shall get water after a while to drink and to cook." "Well, why," replied the other man, "are you really concerned about the water?" "Certainly," said the first, "for it is not enough that it is carried away in buckets, as has been done up to this time, but the brewers have now begun to haul it away in great barrels, drawn by four horses. Where will we eventually get water enough?" The troubled man himself had to smile at this and said, "I do not know what to

think of your worrying. The Elbe has furnished water enough up to this time, not only for our city but also for so many other cities, towns and villages by which it flows. Believe me, it will also furnish water enough in the future."—"Very well," said the other, "I believe you, but now be so kind as to believe me also. Because you have noticed some decrease in your supplies, you think you have grounds to be worried. Who provided for you so many years? Who nourished and cared for your parents and grandparents? Did not God do it, and can He not do it also in the future? Has His stream of blessing become dry or will it soon become dry? And it is indeed possible for the Elbe to bcome dry, but that God's blessing and care for His people should ever cease is impossible."—"I thank you," said the anxious man, "for this excellent reminder. I see that I am wronging God, when I seek to keep myself by my anxious care. I will endeavor to rid myself of this useless care, and may God help my weakness."

Dr. Ziegler, a learned man, when he left the cloister and accepted the gospel, prayed God that he might give him an honorable position with an income of forty florins, in order that he might serve God and men in a respectable manner and support himself. This was done. After he became married this no longer sufficed and he asked God for

sixty florins. God heard him also in this. Now there came a famine and he prayed God for one hundred. God also gave him this. When he had become old the sum did again not meet all his wants. He then went to God and said, "Dear Father, I have read of Abraham that he spoke with Thee a number of times and Thou didst in mercy hear him. I have also experienced this. Do not become angry with me, I will speak with Thee still again. Give me what I need, then I shall always have enough, I will not again prescribe to Thee." Upon this God provided him every year with one hundred and fifty florins, and when the good elector of Saxony heard that he had prayed thus, he said, "He shall not simply have his dry bread, but in his old age he shall also have a refreshing beverage," and added two hundred florins more.

Augustin Schulz, a preacher in Rixdorf near Berlin had a very small income, but notwithstanding he was extremely liberal. According to the judgment of many he did too much, but he did the "too much" to the Lord. One day as was often the case there was in his whole house not one bite of bread nor a penny with which to buy any, yet at the customary hour he commanded the table to be spread. "But we have neither bread nor soup," said his wife. "Be unconcerned," said he, "the Lord can give us what we need." The table was spread and

the family took their usual places. Schulz asked the blessing. Before he was through a wagon stopped in front of the house containing bread, butter, cheese, ham, and vegetables, which were sent him from Christian friends in Gerlachsheim.

While the city of Magdeburg was in a state of siege Erasmus Alberus was also there and with beautiful hymns concerning the Lord's help, which he composed during the siege, he comforted the Evangelicals, who were in great fear, but like the rest he had to suffer very much from hunger in the siege. On Pentecost some good friends sent him some fish, but as he did not have a chip of wood in the house, he said, "Against hunger God has provided me with these fish, would that He would also provide me with a little wood that I might prepare them." These words were yet upon his tongue when a cannonball came crashing into the house and shattered a beam over his head so that the splinters were scattered about at his feet. "Now the wood is here," said he laughingly, picked up the wood and prepared the fish. When God wants to deliver, our enemies themselves must furnish the means.

The Scottish preacher at Crail, Andrew Duncan, was among those who on account of their protest

to the prelate system were persecuted. In the year 1619 he returned from exile, but was again persecuted, imprisoned, and deposed from office. He now took his wife and six children and removed to Berwick, where they lived in bitter poverty. One evening while the children were crying for bread and there was none in the house, the poor exile was alternately engaged in praying to God, pacifying the children, and comforting his wife, who was about to be delivered of a child, and was especially in great want. He admonished her patiently to wait upon God who is now trying her, but who will certainly care for her. Such confidence was all the more remarkable, since they had neither friend nor acquaintance at this place nor anywhere near to whom they could have made known their circumstances. But early the next morning a man brought them a bag of provisions and withdrew again without telling them where he was from, although they requested it of him. Not long afterwards when about midnight there were indications that the wife would be delivered of her child and Duncan did not know where to go to find help for his suffering wife, a lady came to the door, and after she had sent away a servant with a conveyance with directions to call for her again at a certain time, asked for the privilege of waiting upon the mother. She did this for a number of days and nights, till her services were no longer needed, and as she left she presented the amazed

and grateful couple a chest filled with clothing, eatables and money. Heedless to all requests she would say neither who she was nor where she came from.

Superintendent B. in U. sat one day at his desk writing, when an aged widow of strong faith came in and poured out her heart to him. "You know," said she, "that I was sick for a long time and could not earn anything. Now I am to pay six thalers rent, but I have nothing. What shall I do? I prayed to my dear Lord Jesus that He might give me six thalers and He also said 'Yes.'" "Well," said the superintendent, how is that?" "Yes," she replied, "He has said that whatsoever ye ask in my name, that will I do. I have asked Him in faith trusting in His merits and so it is impossible that my prayer should not be heard. Now I wanted to ask you to write to the proper officials so that I will get my money." "Yes," said the superintendent, "but how can I do that? The government cannot send every one money who may need it." "O," she replied, "a great many women whose husbands have been clerks receive help. Just you write what I have told you. I will get something." "You are not the wife of a husband, however, who held an office," replied the superintendent. "It makes no difference" said she, "just write." All opposition was of no avail. The man could not get rid of the woman in any other way than by

writing. He took a blank, put down simply what she had said and explained that he could not get rid of her in any other way and asked five thalers for her, not thinking that she had said six. He then read to her what he had written and asked whether it was all right. "No," said she, "it should be six." "Oh," he replied, "I overlooked that. I cannot change it and I have not the time to write a new one." "Well," said she, "I will get six any way," and left with a friendly laugh.

It was customary to have a service in the church during the week. The old widow as usual was sitting with the spirit of devotion near the altar. After the service she walked up to the superintendent and in a whisper asked him, "Has it come yet?" But she received a negative answer. Soon afterwards however the superintendent received a communication from the government and to his astonishment read upon the face, "Enclosed 6 thalers. He opens it and sure enough finds six thalers. "On your demand," reads the document, "we allow the poor widow once for all six thalers for her support." "Wonderful Lord!" thought the superintendent, "how punctually Thou dost hear the simple prayers of Thy believers. But I must test the woman's faith a little more," thought he further. When she came and asked whether the money had come, he replied, "Yes," and took five thalers and laid them down. "Oh," said she, "Sir superintend-

ent, there must be six, if you count right." And so he had to give her the sixth thaler.

On January 8, 1821, there died at Berlin a merchant named Daniel Löst, aged about 61 years. He was no great man at the exchange, so that he became noted in that way. He only carried on an ordinary business in lace, which he however conducted in a very diligent and business-like manner, and as this absorbed him too much on Sunday he, at the advice of Baron von Kottwitz, who was held in high repute by the Schlessian weavers, gave his attention mostly to the linen trade. His name is mentioned here, because he was a Christian merchant and these, alas, are scarce. The following passage from his simple life was related by himself.

One day the above named baron came to our merchant and related to him concerning a well-to-do Chrisian lady who by a relentless creditor would be drawn into costly litigation, if no one would go her security. Justice of the commissary S. could give exact information concerning her circumstances and a mere subscription of the name without any other sacrifice might save her. Löst goes to the justice and finds upon the table an open Bible, at which he already wonders. The justice however tells him that he reads the Bible diligently, and when Löst begins to speak about the desired information, the justice tells him that he under-

stands the circumstances of the lady and that there is not the least danger. Löst then with all confidence signs a security for 600 thalers. A number of months pass and he hears nothing more about the matter, but suddenly he receives notice from the court to pay on the following Tuesday the 600 thalers for which he went security in order to avoid execution. It now became evident that the whole transaction was based upon deception and that the lady's estate was heavily in debt. But nothing could be done now; by Tuesday the 600 thalers must be paid.

Löst, with his business, was always in fair circumstances; he had got along so far that he could lose 600 thalers and not feel the loss much. But to have this amount ready by Tuesday was hard, especially since he had already accepted a note for 300 thalers for the following Saturday. He therefore hastened to a friend of his who had already loaned him 500 thalers; perhaps he could help him out. On his way however he met another acquaintance who had intrusted him with 400 thalers, simply taking his note, and who stated that he needed this amount next Friday in order to pay for a bill of goods. "You shall have it," said Löst, and went on to where he intended going. But here his friend already comes out to meet him with the words, "It is fortunate that you come, friend Löst; I just wanted to call for those 500 thalers for next Wednesday, which I will need to cash a

mortgage upon my house, which is due and is held by Mr. A." "You shall have it," said Löst, but his heart was sinking more and more. Another thing occurred to him. A merchant whom he loved had died but lately, and he knew that he always had considerable ready cash on hand. Perhaps he could get help there. He therefore went to the widow. Löst was indebted to the deceased man 500 thalers on a note and 300 thalers besides. The note had expired, and, as it often happens among near friends, it had not been renewed. Now the note with the remaining papers of the deceased were in the hands of the administrator and when Löst met the widow she showed him the official notice that by next Thursday the 500 thalers would have to be paid. "The 300 thalers," said she, "I would like to have early next Saturday. All kinds of accounts are coming in now, in addition also the funeral expenses, etc." "It shall be on hand," said Löst, without being able here also to say a word about what he really came for. The more wonderfully all these burdens fell upon him, the more plainly did he see therein the hand of his Heavenly Father; and the more all outlets disappeared, the more confident did he become that, go as it would, God would cause it to issue to His glory.

To find 600 thalers Löst had started out and when he came home the account stood: 600 thalers to be paid on Tuesday, 500 on Wednesday, 500 on Thursday, 400 on Friday, 300 early Saturday morning,

and 300 Saturday afternoon; sum, 2600 thalers,—and to-day was Saturday, and there was between three and four thalers cash on hand.

With a heavy heart he now resolved to go to a rich man who knew his circumstances, and who loaned money, not as a mere favor indeed, but at six per cent interest, or more. He would ask him for a loan of a couple thousand thalers. But here he found the right shop indeed! The miser for a long time already had been vexed at the cheerful and believing Löst. "Why am I honored with a visit from you?" he asked, as Löst entered. "Mr. N., I will be in somewhat close circumstances next week." "What, you get into difficulty? I cannot believe that. You are always boasting everywhere that you have such a rich and kind Lord, why do you not go to Him?" "You are right," said Löst, "I am sorry to have disturbed you." The mocker had directed him to the right way. He felt it plainly as an indication from the Lord, and went home with a wonderful light arising in his heart. He there cast himself upon his knees and asked his Helper and Savior for forgiveness, because instead of going to Him he had gone to broken cisterns. Comforted and strengthened he arose, and Sunday was to him a day of prayer rich in blessing. He could not go to church, as his body was too severely shocked by his preceding experience, and, aside from this, he was suffering from oppression of the breast. He did not make his circumstances

known to any one; his wife, furthermore, had died several years before. An elderly sister and a servant, who were likewise pretty well along in years, were the only members of his family. He arose in the morning in good spirits. Before he was fully dressed he noticed how his sister and the servant were already busy at the counter selling and doing up packages, so that he hastened to help them. But thus it continued through the entire day, although the store was not located in just the best place for trade. Löst in all his life had not experienced such a rush of trade; there was no time to cook, and their dinner consisted of some coffee and bread. In the afternoon, like in the forenoon, the store was not free a minute from purchasers and such who were settling up old accounts. Old accounts, that had been given up, were paid, the persons begging pardon for not having been able to pay sooner, while the proprietor, who saw his own condition in their explanation, thought in his heart, "This is the Lord." Evening finally having come, Löst, with the other members of the household, who were greatly exhausted by the extraordinary day's work, sat down to supper with earnest and heartfelt thanksgiving, and after they had arisen from the table, they proceeded to count the money that had been taken in. Each hundred thalers was laid by itself and the result was 603 thalers and 14 groschen. The 600 thalers were for the payment on Tuesday morning and the 14

groschen remained in the treasury. "How loving and true must not the Lord be," thought Löst and the tears of gratitude always came into his eyes when he afterwards related the event), "who in the government of this great world did not forget me, but in such a remarkable manner fulfilled the promise, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' How great must the number of servants and messengers be in the heavenly executive mansion, who give orders to more than one hundred persons in one day, Buy this or that to-day of Daniel Löst, or, Settle your account, or, Pay off the old debt for which I now give you the means."

On Tuesday the merchant experienced the same rush as on Monday, and on Wednesday the 500 thalers were on hand for the friend who needed them to pay off his mortgage. It was the same on Wednesday, so that on Thursday the 500 thalers could be paid to the administrator. On Friday the other friend received his 400 thalers with which to pay his bill of goods. And on Friday there were sales sufficient so that the widow received her 300 thalers early on Saturday morning. And for Löst the most remarkable thing in this week of wonders was this, that each day after the amount needed for the following day was taken out, there remained in the cash drawer about the same amount as on the preceding Saturday, never less than two nor more than five thalers. When on Saturday morn-

ing the 300 thalers were taken out, there remained two thalers and twenty groschen.—But now it was over. After there was continuous rush for five days, there came on Saturday not a single person, not even a child to buy thread or ribbon to the value of even a groschen, which at other times was done during every quarter of an hour. It was three o'clock in the afternoon and there was still no more than the two thalers and twenty groschen in the drawer. He knew that promptly at four o'clock the agent would come with the accepted note and if he could not redeem it, his credit as a merchant would be shaken, and if he did not pay, the endorser would have to do so, who himself was an honorable man and had nothing to spare. This was accordingly a final trial yet. It struck quarter after three, struck half-past three, and there was not the least outlook; it struck quarter of four and a knock is heard at the door. An aged mother comes in and inquires, "Is Löst at home?" "O yes, why?" "Well, I am living here in the neighborhood all alone in a kitchen and a few thalers have been paid me. Now I wanted to ask whether you would not keep them. I cannot sleep one night with them in the house." "Willingly, I will pay you interest. "No, for God's sake, no interest." "I will at least give you a certificate for life and death. For how much shall I write it?" "There are only three hundred thalers. Will you be at home in a few moments?" Upon this the

woman departs and returns in a few moments and lays upon the table six rolls of 50 thalers each, and as she leaves with many thanks and the certificate in her pocket, the agent comes and receives the six rolls.

But this is not the end yet of this event. So far all is well, but any one who knows anything about business of this kind, knows that it is not a little thing to sell off in one week stock to the amount of 2300 thalers. Löst's stock had shrunk to a remarkable extent. Even samples of bed-clothing, for which there had been no demand for fifteen years, were all sold off, for the liberal purchasers had passed by ten other stores in order according to their directions to buy of Löst. Sales must necessarily be light for some time, nor did he have capital at his command at once with which to make new investments. Whatever accounts he might have expected payment on had been paid in during that one week. I do not know whether Daniel Löst already thought of all these things; his soul was all praise and thanks to the Lord for His unspeakable goodness and mercy, and now after eight days his sleep after the remarkably quiet Saturday was for the first time again real deep and peaceful and he commemorated Sunday by an edifying and blessed attendance at the house of God. When he returned home from church, a merchant from Reichenbach was already awaiting him at his house and offered him his entire stock; he (Mr. Richter)

is obliged to return to his home and his business here in Berlin is not paying and he wonders whether Daniel Löst will not take the entire stock. "Yes, but I cannot pay for it," was the answer. "That is not necessary, you can do that at your convenience when you have sold the goods." And on Monday Löst went and examined the goods, received an invoice of the whole and accepted the goods. Unusual sales enabled him to settle satisfactorily with his creditor, Mr. Richter, before he expected it, and prices in the meantime rose to such an extent that Löst was enabled at the same time to make up a good share of the sum he lost in going security on fraudulent affirmations.— Happy he who from such experience can say with this Christian merchant: "Thy testimonies are wonderful: therefore doth my soul keep them." Ps. 119, 129.

Sybilla, the daughter of Paul Richter, when her parents spoke to her about some young man as a choice for her husband, went into her chamber and prayed, "Dear Father, provide me a husband who loves Thy word, then will I be sure that for Thy sake he will also love me." God heard her prayer, for she became the wife of John Mathesius.

In the year 1532, on June 9, Luther was walking in his garden, and as it had not rained for a long

time, he saw how everything was parched. He then prayed and said, "Dear Lord, Thou hast promised through David to be near all those who earnestly call upon Thee; why is it that Thou dost not give us rain, although we have long prayed and cried for it? Very well, if Thou wilt not give us rain, Thou wilt give us something better. Peace in the land with little morsels is after all beter than a fruitful year devoured by an enemy. Yet, dear heavenly Father, do Thou hear for the sake of Thy beloved Son Jesus Christ who has said, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, that will he give you. Ask, and it shall be given unto you.' We would have to be ashamed of ourselves before our enemies in the future to preach this in the churches, if Thou wilt not hear us. I know that we cry from our hearts and wishfully yearn; O hear us!" That night yet it rained.

FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US.

A man without forgiveness is like a man who sleeps quietly while his house is burning down.

Over the gate of hell is written, "Your deserts"; over the gate of heaven, "Your God's grace and mercy."

"When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do." Luke 17, 10.

Just as a candle is indeed bright in the darkness, yet is always accompanied by its unpleasant odor, but when the sun shines is considered no light at all, yea, as nothing, so is the greatest righteousness of men in this life considered in the presence of God.

Abraham Buchholzer was accustomed to say, "Would to God, we would be so displeased with ourselves in life as we are in death, we would then pray this petition more heartily."

Two good friends were engaged in a conversation as to how one could best secure good, sound sleep. The one said, "With my clothing I lay

aside all care until the following day and thus I lie alone upon my couch and sleep all night." The other said, "I can rest only when I have two good friends with me." In answer to the first, who these friends were, he said, "The one is my Lord Jesus, whom I embrace with my right arm, the arm of faith, and have Him forgive me my sins; the other is my neighbor, whom I embrace with the left arm, the arm of love, and thus heartily forgive those who have injured me. In my prayer I also remember the poor, the widows and orphans, the sick, prisoners, those who are tempted, and pray that God may give them comfort and help."

Follow this example and you will have a good night's rest.

Two neighboring congregations were once about to enter upon litigation. All admonition to become reconciled and all good advice was of no avail, since they had not been on good terms for years and each thought that it had suffered a great wrong from the other, and now they were about to take hold of the matter in earnest. When the congregations had now come together for the last time and the case was about to be opened, an old farmer who up to this time had advised reconciliation in vain arose and said, "Brethren, it is an important matter that we have before us. Our ancestors always began such matters with prayer.

If our case is good, we must also be able to pray. Take off your hats and pray with me the Lord's prayer." He began to lead in prayer, and when they came to the close of the fifth petition, "as we forgive those who trespass against us," he raised his voice and looked about among the praying brethren. Here they grew silent and did not want to pray any further. Finally they said, "He is right, peace, peace there shall be!" And after they had agreed to this resolution they extended their hands and with a light heart again prayed the Lord's Prayer.

Bishop John of Alexandria in the sixth century sought by all means to maintain peace in his congregation and to reconcile all contending parties. But a very prominent man would not hear of reconciliation. John took him into church and prayed aloud with him the Lord's Prayer. When they had prayed the words, "Forgive us our trespasses," John stopped and let the other man speak the words, "as we forgive those who trespass against us," alone. "Now consider," said John, "what a terrible thing you said at this moment! Does not the Lord say, 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses?'" These words touched the man's heart, With tears in his eyes he fell at the feet of John and was reconciled with his enemy.

A Christian had a very hostile neighbor. He was a beer-brewer and by no acts of love could he win him. At one time the hostile man got himself into a financial difficulty in his business very suddenly. He went everywhere trying to make the necessary loans, but could get nothing. His pious neighbor only he had passed by. Scarcely however had this man heard of his trouble, when he took the money to his pastor with the request that he should give it to the brewer, yet in such a way as though it was the pastor's money. With many thanks the brewer accepted the money. When after some time he paid it back he cheerfully confessed, "I never had such success with money as with this, a real blessing was upon it." "Well, friend!" replied the minister, "you must also know whose money it is. It belongs to your pious neighbor, who heard of your trouble and desired to help you." "It is a good thing you did not mention that then," said the brewer very much shocked, "I would have flung it into the creek!" "Is that so? But do you also know where the blessing came from?" replied the minister. The brewer remained silent. "This blessing came from the prayer of your neighbor which he sent up to God in your behalf," continued the minister. "God heard the pious man and now you pray to the same God that He may send His Holy Spirit into your heart and fill it with brotherly love! God will surely also hear you." Overcome with shame, the

brewer went home, but not long afterwards he came again and confessed with tears that he was a hard-hearted sinner. The minister directed him to Him who takes away sin and who is merciful to all who seek Him, and this call the sorrowing man heeded. Thus suddenly the hostile man became a true and loving neighbor and a child of God pardoned of all his sins.

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven. Matt. 5, 44. 45.

Sapricius, a Christian minister, and Nicephorus, a layman, both living in Antioch, had lived together for a long time in confident friendship. Once however a difference arose and they became so inimical that their love was changed into the bitterest hate. They would not even greet one another any more upon the street. For some time they had already given offence to the Christian people by their hostile conduct, when Nicephorus, moved by deep sorrow, bethought himself and resolved to make efforts to become reconciled with his former friend. Twice he sent trustworthy men to Sapricius to ask pardon in his name, but in vain. He himself then went to his house, cast himself down at his feet, and prayed, "Forgive me, my Father, for the Lord's

sake!" The minister however remained immovable. Not long afterwards the Valerian persecution broke out. Sapricius was seized and brought before the magistrate and ordered to sacrifice unto the gods. This he refused to do and the magistrate condemned him to be beheaded. Sapricius went cheerfully to meet his death. As they were on their way to the place of execution, Nicephorus, who had heard what had been done, came running toward him in breathless haste. He cast himself at his feet, and cried, "Witness of Christ, forgive me for having sinned against you!" Sapricius passed on without saying anything. Nicephorus passed on around him and again met him and again prayed, "I pray you, witness of Christ, grant unto me forgiveness! Forgive me that I as a man have sinned against you! Behold, the crown is about to be placed upon you by the Lord whom you did not deny, but confessed before many!" Sapricius did not honor him with a word. The executioner ridiculed Nicephorus and said, "Such a fool we never saw. This man is going to be beheaded and you now yet ask him for forgiveness." "You do not know," said the reconciled man, "what I ask of the confessor of Christ. God knows it." They were now come to the place of execution. "O!" cried Nicephorus again to the hard-hearted man, "it is written, 'Ask and it shall be given unto you.'" But neither did the word of God, whose strength he so much needed now, make any impression upon

the irreconcilable man. The Lord now withdrew His hand of mercy from him, which up to this time had strengthened him for a courageous confession. "Cast yourself upon your knees in order to be beheaded," commanded the executioner. "What for?" he asked. "Because you did not offer sacrifice to the gods and because you despise the commandment of the emperor for the sake of a man who is called Christ." He now replied with a trembling voice, "Do not strike, I will do according to the emperor's command and will sacrifice to the gods." When Nicephorus saw this he prayed him, saying, "Sin not, my brother; do not deny Christ, our Lord! O I beseech you, do not cast away the crown, which you have won through so many sufferings!" But Sapricius gave as little heed to his admonition as he had done to his petition for pardon and continued in his denial of Christ, and through his irreconcilableness he became a miserable worshipper of idols. Nicephorus then turned to the executioner and said, "I am a Christian, I believe in the name of our Lord whom this man denied." Upon this he was beheaded and received the crown of life.

Once a woman came to Halle to the pious preacher Dr. A. H. Franke and declared that as little as the church-tower so little would she lay aside her hatred for her mother-in-law, because she

had treated her most shamefully. To this Franke replied, "This does not surprise me at all, for I am firmly convinced that you are not in a condition to become reconciled with your mother-in-law. That would be possible only then, if you are willing to call upon God for grace. But I beseech you earnestly to promise me that you will call upon God for a forgiving heart." The woman did not dare to refuse his request. After a few days she came again and said, "I am ready now to go and be reconciled with my mother-in-law." This she also did, and when the minister asked her in her home why she was not reconciled sooner, she said, "You indeed admonished me to reconciliation, but you did not tell me how I must go about it, did not tell me that I must ask it of God."

Emperor Otto I., the Great, was compelled to suffer many mortifications at the hands of his brother Henry, called the Wrangler. This wrangler stirred up a number of the princes against his brother and actually made war upon him. In the year 942 he even sent out a band of assassins who were to put Otto to death in Quedlinburg on the festival of Easter. They were however discovered and executed. When the wrangler now saw that he could not accomplish anything against his brother, neither by force nor by craft, and that he himself was threatened with the greatest danger,

he without any weapons whatever and clothed in black mourning dress in company with some priests went to Frankfort, where his brother was celebrating the Christmas festival, and fell down at his feet with the prayer to forgive him for the sake of the new-born Jesus and show him mercy instead of meting out justice. The praiseworthy emperor was startled at this unexpected scene and remained perfectly silent for some time. Finally he said, "Say, brother, what have I done during my life to offend you that you have waged war against me with such a bitter heart and have sought my very life? What can I do that God chose me and not you to be emperor? Your hatred has been implacable up to this time and you never accepted the mercy which I so often offered you. On account of such hardness you are indeed not worthy of mercy, but see, for the sake of Christ I will do, not what your conduct has deserved, but what becomes me as a brother and as emperor, I will pass by all enmity and receive you again as my brother." Upon this he raised his brother up and kissed him. Afterwards he gave him a good share of the duchy of Lothringen and in the year 947 all the duchy of Bavaria. By treating him in this kind and gracious manner he so won the heart of his former wrangling brother that he continued true and peaceable the rest of his life.

In like manner emperor Otto I. showed himself merciful toward his unnatural son Ludolf, who

vexed him in many ways, rebelled against him, and, like godless Absalom, rose up in arms against him. When duke Ludolf, barefooted and bareheaded, weeping bitterly, now went to meet his father and fell upon his knees before him, confessed his wrongs, and besought mercy in such a pitiable posture and with such touching words that all those present were moved to tears, he so won and overcame the fatherly heart that he dismounted from his horse, raised him up from the earth, kissed him with tears, and received him again into all favor. Duke Ludolf after this also conducted himself as an obedient son until his end.

When Louis XII., king of France, who died in 1515, was still duke of Orleans he had much to suffer at the hand of his second cousin, Charles VIII., who, at the instigation and slander of wicked men, maltreated him even with prison, chains and bonds. So soon now as he had ascended the throne as the successor of Charles VIII., whisperers approached him who advised him to take revenge on his enemies. But the worthy king did not consider the wrongs which had been done him formerly; on the contrary, so soon as he heard of the death of king Charles VIII., he fell upon his knees and prayed God that He would grant him never to think of the wrongs which his adversaries had done him. The whisperers he however dismissed

with the words, "Well, what does it concern the king of France that the duke of Orleans once suffered disgrace?" He then had all the names of his enemies written upon a sheet of paper and with his own hand added to each one a red cross. His enemies heard of this and thinking that they were thereby threatened with the gallows and the wheel they all fled from the court. But king Louis recalled them again and spake to them in friendly words, "Be content and do not fear! The cross which I drew by your names is not a sign of punishment, but a pledge of forgiveness and a seal for the sake of the crucified Jesus, who upon the cross forgave all His enemies, prayed for them, and blotted out the handwriting that was against us."

When Gregory of Nazianz, who died in 390, was bishop of Constantinople, he suffered many persecutions. Once while he was lying sick upon his bed during the long night a man came rushing into his room and with sobs and tears fell at his feet. When Gregory asked him what was wrong, he only replied with loud cries. Finally it appeared that the pale, frantic man was hired to murder Gregory, but that God had defeated his purpose. Now the miserable man, with the greatest terror of conscience, came to confess his sin. Gregory not only forgave him, but also sought, by comfort and admonition, to lead the deeply fallen man back to God.

AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted, neither tempteth He any man: but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed. James 1, 13. 14.

The temptation which is meant here is that which comes from an evil purpose and seeks an evil end, namely, that one may be brought to fall and to sin. God never tempts any one to evil. To class God with tempters would be the same as to make the sun a misguiding star.

The proverb says that God indeed sends His Son into the wilderness, but the devil tempts Him.

The devil never takes a vacation, says another proverb. That is, he does not cease to set his nets in order to rob the believer of his faith. He knows whom he should lead onto the gratification of desires and lusts and whom to murder, whom he should tempt to gluttony and drunkenness, and whom he should inspire with envy. He knows whom to discourage, whom to fill with fear, and whom to mislead through astonishment. He notes carefully the habits of every man, he weighs their cares, searches their dispositions and inclinations and is intent only upon injuring the man.

The devil is a great deceiver. The ancients in

order to show the cunning and craft of the devil relate the story of how the devil once appeared in the dress of a merchant and offered pride for sale, crying out, "Whoever wants to buy pride, let him come, I will sell it cheap!" When the people heard this they said, "God forbid! should we buy pride? Pride is a mortal sin." An old woman then went to the devil and said, "You fool, do you think any one will buy pride if you call it by its right name? You must say, 'I have cleanliness to sell,' and you will then have plenty of customers." The devil followed her advice and in a moment he sold all his wares.

If there were no sparks under the coals, all the devils might blow and yet they could produce no fire.

Formerly there lived a man who was accustomed to flare up suddenly and get into a passion, but after the passion had passed away he was sorry again. He thought, "This is due to wicked men. If they would leave me alone, I would also be gentle. I prefer to go into the wild woods and be a hermit, there I will not hear nor see any one and will no more fly up into a passion." He accordingly goes into the woods and finds a place where a spring is trickling down from a rock; there he will build a cabin. He falls to work and gets into a sweat and then takes his pitcher and sets it under the spring, but the pitcher tips over and he sets it under the sec-

ond time. After a while the pitcher tips over again and the hermit instead of setting it up again takes it and flings it against the rock that it flies into a thousand pieces. Holding the handle in his hand and seeing the pieces lying around on the ground he suddenly comes to himself again, is frightened and says to himself, "O fool that I am, I thought that the anger came into me, now I see that it comes out of me. I will therefore no longer be a hermit, but will go again to my brothers, that they may give me good advice and help me pray to better my own heart."

To rob one of faith is the devil's greatest pleasure. He who has lost faith has nothing more to lose.

In the year 1082 a great and learned man who set no value upon God's word nor upon His judgment was lying at the point of death in Paris. When, as was customary, they read at his bedside the 13th chapter of Job and came to verses 21 and 22, "Withdraw Thine hand far from me: and let not Thy dread make me afraid. Then call Thou, and I will answer," he raised up in bed and cried out, "By the just judgment of God I am accused!" in such a manner that all who were present were frightened and the prayer had to be discontinued. On the next day in connection with the same words he cried out, "By the just judgment of God I am condemned!" And on the third day when he was dying he cried, "By the just judgment of God I

am damned!" with such a terrifying voice that the people all fled out of the house. With these words he died.—See also Laurentius Pasha. Page 30.

A minister of the gospel in Kleiman, an unimportant village in Waldeck, was very poor. He had six children and a yearly salary of only eighty-six thalers. But what was the best he had in addition to the six children and the eighty-six thalers the good Lord. He thus lived happily, eating bread baked from oat or barley flour and seldom accepting the perquisites of his poor parishioners. At one time he was without flour and money and had but one loaf of bread, when a poor widow complained to him that for twenty-four hours she had not eaten a bite of bread. He at once gave one-half of the remaining loaf and left the other to his wife and children, while he himself went into the garden to appease his hunger by eating cherries. He found opportunity here to send a neighbor a basket of cherries and the neighbor to return the compliment sent him several loaves of fresh bread. When this supply was exhausted he thought of borrowing a few thalers, for he hoped to realize ten or twelve rix-thalers from his nice winter crop. But on the following day this was entirely destroyed by wild animals. He however continued patiently to trust in God. He now wanted to sell a colt which he had to a Jew for eleven rix-thalers,

but the Jew was not willing to pay so much and the expected bargain fell through. In the meantime the colt got loose and tried to jump over a wall and broke its neck. When the minister heard of this new misfortune he said to his family, "We will not put our trust in our lot nor in our colt, the Lord himself will help." Soon after this when a certain lady in the neighborhood was astonished at hearing that the minister did not have a certain book, and he frankly acknowledged that he was too poor to purchase it, she presented him with twenty-five rix-thalers and thus the loss of his grain and of his colt was covered.

One day A. H. Franke of Halle took a walk in company with Dr. Anton. As they were walking along they heard from the field a praying voice. They went nearer and saw behind a bush two boys upon their knees. One was praying loud. With much pleasure and benefit they both listened. When the boy had finished his prayer he asked his companion, "Say, did I not pray nice?" Most painfully were both men impressed by this question. "This boy," said Dr. Anton finally, "has spoken the heart's experience of us all! We older ones are only ashamed to ask it aloud. Is it not often the case that we begin our prayers in humility with the deepest feeling of our nothingness, but by an imperceptible change end with a kind of self-praise for our well-spoken and earnest prayer?"

Rudolf Stadler, a Swiss, came in company with the noted traveler Tavernier, baron of Aubonne, to Ispahan in Persia, where by his skill in making clocks he gained the favor of the king, riches, and honor. While there a Persian broke into the chamber occupied by his wife for the purpose of committing a dastardly deed, but fled so soon as he found that he was discovered by Stadler. Stadler was not satisfied simply to warn the Persian himself, but also advised the brother of the latter to repeat the warning to him. The criminal however was deaf to all warning; Stadler caught him the second time in his wife's apartment and in order to guard the honor of his wife he killed him, which he had a right to do according to the laws of the land. Stadler reported the matter to the king, who declared that he had done the right thing and that he was acquitted. But there was a law in Persia that if a Christian killed a Musselman he must either forfeit his life or else wear the turban. The crafty Vezir Mirza-Take who for a long time already had been envious of Stadler, pursuaded his lord that this was the best opportunity to compel the stranger to become a Mohammedan, and also really succeeded in having the king call Stadler before him and declare that unless he swore off the Christian religion, his acquittal would be recalled. "My body," replied Stadler to this demand, "belongs to the king, who has the right to do with it as he thinks best, but God alone has the right to say

what shall be done with my soul." The Shah was incensed at such refractoriness and had him imprisoned, but already after a few days he had him recalled again and said that he could not find it in his heart to have him executed. He then promised him, on the condition that he would do what was demanded, 100,000 thalers, a wife out of his harem with all her jewels, and the renewal of their former friendship. But Stadler would not be bribed. In order to move him to deny his religion a three-cornered piece of wood, called a podeck, was put around his neck, so that he could neither lie down nor sleep. Frequently also the Carmelite and the Capuchin monks visited him with the view of persuading him to the Catholic faith, but he firmly declared that he would turn from his faith neither to the right nor to the left. When Stadler was to be executed the sword glanced off, when the executioner struck to behead him. This awakened the sympathy of the people and they objected to his being executed on the ground that he had done nothing but what he had the right to do. In order to avoid a riot Stadler was taken back again for a few days into prison. The king who still desired to rescue him again called for him and offered him double the former amount, namely 200,000 thalers, to which Stadler again declared with great determination that he had lived as a Christian and would die as a Christian. He was led to the place of execution; here he fell upon his knees and with

much devotion offered a short prayer. Then he said to the executioner who held the sword elevated over him, "Strike without fear; I forgive you in the name of Jesus Christ!" And with the first stroke the head lay at his feet, while the great crowd, filled with sympathy, sent up a cry of lamentation. Thus died Stadler in October of 1637, only twenty-eight years old. The king commanded the Christians who were present to dip up his blood and to give him an honorable burial. His death made such an impression upon the king that he swore by the living God never again to execute a Christain for the sake of his religion.

Not far from Warsaw, the capital of Poland, there lived in a village a man by the name of Dobry, of German extraction and owner of a little farm. Industrious and economical as he was and plainly as he raised his children he could still scarcely supply his daily wants. And now a hail storm had ruined the crops so that the harvest was poor, and in addition Dobry's best cow died and the times generally became severer and more gloomy. A field was sold to liquidate some debts, but did not reach, and the poor man in order to satisfy his creditors was driven to the bitter alternative of getting help from a Jew. From this time the sad drama of Dobry's life grew more cheerless day by day. One day the unmerciful Jew entered his house with offi-

cials, took the last cow out of the stable, the wood from the door, the beds out of the chamber, and threatened to come again in fourteen days and in case he was not paid have him cast into prison and his possessions sold. What availed the cries of woe of the unfortunate couple and the pleading of the poor children; no wood, no warm bed, no money for bread and no hope of help, and outside the approaching winter. The light of faith now began to burn low and there was nothing left but the smoking wick as Dobry in the evening took the ax and began to use it upon the bench which his father had fastened into the wall, in order once more to protect his shivering children against the cold. While they were all together in great sorrow, the children suddenly cried out, "O, the raven, the raven!" and joyfully they all ran to the window. Upon the window-sill, outside, loudly croaking and flapping his wings, sat a coal-black raven. But connected with this bird there is a tale. He had been the regular winter guest of the family for thirty years already. Dobry's grandfather took him from the nest, raised and domesticated him and then gave him his liberty. His winter quarters however had been and continued to be Dobry's house, where the six children regaled him with the best they had. But this time he soon flew away again and the children said, weeping, "O, he no longer likes it with us." In the meantime the decisive day was coming nearer and nearer. In vain Dobry sought

to ward off the heavy blow from his house. His creditor would not recede a step and to other people the indebted man complained only to deaf ears, so that no way was left him but the royal way of prayer. Upon this way the little company of anxious souls on the farm could be seen day after day. There was still oil in their lamps. Thus one evening when vespers rang from the church tower they all fell upon their knees and the father began the hymn, "Commit thy way confiding." There was a rap at the window. O joy, the raven was there and cheerfully hopped in upon the empty table, fluttered direct toward Dobry and laid something shining in his hand. He could scarcely believe his eyes, when he saw a ring in his hand set full with large precious stones. He could of course not estimate its value, but he saw that it belonged to a woman's necklace and he cried out, "God's help in our need!" But while the raven was eating voraciously of the last bread in the house other thoughts came to the farmer. "Whose ring is this? Is it stolen goods?" A terrible conflict now ensued. Finally he cried out, "Woman, rather honorable in poverty than rich but in disgrace! This ring we must return. If God sends us fortune, it will remain. But if the devil is tempting us, he shall not succeed." The next morning Dobry hastened to the minister, who after he had examined the ring more closely said with great astonishment, "Why this is our king's seal ring! Here are the

words, 'S. R., Stanalaus Rex!'" It was a great and happy surprise, and the minister promised to inform the king minutely about it all. Soon a handsome sleigh drove up to Dobry's house, in which the poor farmer in holiday dress was compelled to take his seat. On the way he was filled with misgivings and fear, but he was not a little cheered when accidentally looking back he saw the raven comfortably perched behind him on the sleigh. The sleigh now drove up to the steps of the royal palace. Dobry was brought before the king by whose kindly manner he was soon so filled with courage that he in an easy manner related just what had taken place with the ring. The ring was now laid upon the table and those present stood back a little. The old thief at once flew toward the treasure, picked it up, and to the great pleasure of all present laid it in the hand of his beloved master, the farmer.

One year afterwards there stood on Dobry's little farm a new roomy house and in the stable a couple of well-fed cows and in addition all his debts were paid off. Dobry had become a farmer of the first rank. All honor was shown to the old raven, he had a free pass and good treatment. Dobry and his children, however, continued in the faith indicated by the couplet which he had written above his door:

"His work is always blessing,
His path is always light."

A certain mother in Barmen allowed her first-born son to go to Hamburg, where he engaged in business and remained a long time. Yet not an evening passed since his departure on which his mother did not kneel down and pray for him. In the meantime the son fell into the company of a freemason, who by all cunning sought to mislead him. He held up the advantage of associating with cultured people and especially of being able to find these wherever he might be and of receiving a friendly and hearty welcome from them and thus really to have acquaintances wherever he went, a thing which is especially convenient for a merchant who must do a great deal of traveling. He therefore proposed to him to enter the order of Freemasons, branch lodges of which exist everywhere. Still voices in his heart indeed warned him against such a step, but the voice of the tempter appeared so harmless, sin presented itself in such innocent attire that the young man finally consented to enter the lodge of the freemasons. On the set evening he put on his best clothes and was about to go down into the waiting room to call for his friend who was to take him to the lodge. But he continually feels as though he had forgotten something. He wants to put on his hat but cannot find it. Finally he finds it and opens the door, but as he does this the wind throws the window open, the door swings shut, the light is put out, and he stands there in the darkness. Loud and clear he hears a

voice nearby and in the accents of his mother, "William!" As he hastily opens the door and steps into the lighted corridor some one takes him by the hand—but he sees no one. He hurries down the steps and in the voice of his loving mother he again hears, "William!" but when he turns about he again sees no one. He proceeds further, but with manifest uneasiness, and as some one again seems to seize him as though he laid his hand upon his shoulder, and as he again hears his name called in a low and fearful voice, he arrives at the ground floor, enters the door of the waiting room, pale as death, to ask the clerk to excuse him to his friend, that he cannot go with him. Without waiting for an answer, he goes out. He weeps bitterly. The peace of his heart had departed far from him. He had long neglected his daily prayers in the strange place, had not read God's word for a long time, but at the sound of his mother's voice her admonitions were again awakened within him. He considered the danger that was threatening him, and starts at once for Lübeck. Here he receives a letter from his mother in which she writes him: "Last Thursday evening as I was praying over you by your bed, for so it seemed to me, I was in great fear. Then I opened all my heart to the Lord Jesus and commended all to Him, that He should keep you in His love and rather leave you die happy than that you should live without repentance and faith. For what is life without Jesus!

William, what, furthermore, is death without Jesus! What took place on that evening between my Lord and myself, with what fears I called upon Him, how often I laid your name at His feet, yea, at His heart, I will not say. But finally I seemed to hear the words, 'He is not hid from the Lord,' and with that I was comforted and satisfied." How gloriously the faithful God heard the mother's prayer! On that same Thursday her son was rescued from the temptation of joining the Freemasons.

BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL.

The way to heaven is through bushes of thorns. There is a saying that a certain aged father very earnestly and longingly called upon God and prayed unceasingly that He would permit him to see Jesus. Finally there appeared to him a beautiful, lovely child sitting in a thorn-bush. He understood from this that he could not gain the child except by much suffering, that Christ, namely, was hid among the thorns of affliction and whoever would come come to Him must not shun the thorns.

Do not have any anxiety that the time will be too long until the coming of the great day of the Lord. When one sleeps, the time passes by so that one does not know where it gets to. The ancients represented this by the story of the Seven Sleepers who are commemorated on the 11th of July. These seven sleepers were seven young men who lived in Ephesus. Under the cruel persecutions of the emperor Decius, when the city of Ephesus was overrun with murderers, these seven young men fled to a mountain near by and out of fear kept themselves hid in a cave until in their great sorrow they were overcome by sleep. When the emperor heard of it he ordered a great stone to be rolled against the mouth of the cave, but they slept on and noticed nothing of what was done. Af-

ter one hundred and ninety-six years, the Roman empire in the meantime having become Christian, a citizen wanted to build a house near the cave and had the stone taken away. So soon as the first ray of sunshine fell into the cave the seven sleepers awoke and held a consultation, and, since they were very hungry, decided that one of them by the name of Jamblichus should secretly go into the city and buy some bread. Having come out and looked about to see whether there were any persecutors near, he began to rub his eyes, for the surroundings were altogether strange to him, the people were going quietly along the streets to their work in the fields, and he thought that he must be dreaming yet. He came to the gate of the city and, seeing a large crucifix erected over it, was frightened away and would not enter. He went to another gate, but there he found the same, and, in addition, he saw the cross glistening on the steeples. He went back again to the first gate and entered in among the bread-stands,—everything was changed,—and in a temple nearby he hears them sing, "Te Deum laudamus. Thee, Lord, we praise." The baker looked at his money, did not want to take it, and said that he could not use it. The young man said, "It passed yesterday yet." While the young man went away, still thinking that he was dreaming, the baker secretly went to the governor of the city and showed him the antinquated money and said that a stranger gave it to him and that he must have found a treas-

ure. The governor sent one of his officers after him to arrest him. The young man thought that he would now be brought before the emperor Decius. The governor asked him who he was and where he got the money. He mentioned his parents, but no one knew anything of them; he described his father's house, but other people were now living in it. As they did not know what to think of the matter, the young man took courage and asked about the emperor Decius. "Decius," said they, "the Christian's devil? What about him? Our emperor is Theodosius, whom God may bless through Christ!" "Speak low," said the young man, "how can you mention the name to-day, for whose sake the blood hounds were after us yesterday? Who are you and who are the people who a while ago sang the Te Deum laudamus in the temple of Diana?"

They finally got to the bottom of the matter. Among the people of Ephesus there was still the tradition about the seven young men whom Decius had shut up in the cave and their names were still mentioned, for they had not been forgotten. When the young man now heard his own and the names of his companions and how Ephesus had become Christian and how the Lord God had granted unto them to sleep through the time of tribulation, he began to weep aloud and returned to the cave to his companions, and the whole city accompanied him and brought the seven back in great triumph

to the city. But these, after they had once more together thanked God in the evening, laid themselves down to rest, but awoke no more, and in the morning they were found gently and peacefully fallen asleep.

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them. Ps. 126, 1. 2.

John Nickolaus Johns, a native of Hanover, was equally concerned about his earthly and his heavenly calling, but all misfortunes seemed to strike him first. If there was an epidemic among the cattle, his stock was sure to suffer. If there was a failure of crops, his fields were the least productive. He and his wife were sickly almost all the time. His barn with all its contents became a prey to the flames and he himself was injured by the fire. And even more, his only son who was in the field with the team, was found lying in his own blood, killed by the horses. Thus the life of this man was a chain of sufferings. Robbed of almost all his possessions, Johns did not seek any help from others, did not complain, but bore his cross in faith and patience. Some time before his departure he sent word to his pastor, Rev. Langenreuter, that he with his family was very sick. When the pastor came,

what a heartrending scene met his eyes! On one bed lay Johns with his wife, on another his four little daughters all sick with the flux. The pastor, in this visit and following ones, found need and misery in abundance indeed, but also faith, so that each time he left more edified and strengthened than when he came. This beautiful disposition of the sick man had its origin in his faith that his Redeemer lives and that the kingdom and the glory are His. He longed to be at home with his Lord, on whom he had believed and to whom he had lived. He died happy, and twenty-four hours afterwards his wife died also; they were both in one day laid in one grave.

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. Phil. 4, 13.

A soldier who was rough, wild and very ignorant and was tired of the soldier's life, asked a number of times to be released. His vexation at these useless requests he was accustomed to wreak out in curses and raving at his landlord. Once he was quartered with a godfearing widow, where he conducted himself as upon former occasions. He saw, lying upon the table, an open Bible, looked in and read Matthew 21, 22, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." "How," said he to the widow, "is that true what is written here?" "Of course," she answered . "Well,

then I will pray God to see to it that I am mustered out of service, and if His word is true, it shall be done," said the soldier. "But for earthly possessions the Scriptures teach us to pray conditionally," said the widow; "but for spiritual blessings we may pray unconditionally." Day and night the soldier now thought about that passage; a spark of divine truth had been kindled. "You can try it once and ask the Lord for your release," thought the soldier, "if it will not do any good, it can certainly do no hurt." He went into his own room, fell upon his face, and fervently asked God to be released from the soldier's life. But while he was praying, the numberless sins of his life passed before his soul, and his heart said, "How, you great sinner, do you hope that God will hear you?" Tears filled his eyes; he cried to God for mercy and the Lord heard his prayer. The drunkard became a sober man and the wild blasphemer a child of God. This remarkable change in his whole life caused general talk, but he did not hesitate to acknowledge publicly what had taken place with him and how ready God is to show love and mercy. Many of his companions were impressed by his testimony and united with him in one spirit. In consequence he was accused and had a hearing, but he also now publicly confessed how he had found mercy. "I have not," he added, " misled my companions, but have led them from the way of sin to the way of the fear of God." He was asked why he no longer desired

his release, which he had formerly demanded so immoderately. "In my unconverted state," said he, "I tried to run my head through the wall, but now I belong to Christ, and am willing that He should do with me what seems best." As no charges could be preferred against him, he was mustered out of service, and thus his prayer was answered.

John Gerhard, one of the most renowned and learned men in spiritual things of the seventeenth century, once delivered the city Jena from fearful devastation by troops of the Thirty Years' War by exposing his own life. The imperial armies moved upon Jena for the purpose of plundering and destroying the city. The venerable man courageously approached the army, and, meeting the commanding general upon the bridge, he fell down at his feet and sued for him to spare the city. When the general, being unimpressed, would not listen to his petition, Gerhard arose, stepped up to his side, and boldly and firmly said, "If you will not hear me, God our Lord will!" And the general, who was powerfully impressed with these words, now dealt very gently with the city and the university.

It was on the morning of November 6, 1632, when the Catholic army under Wallenstein and the

Lutheran army under Gustavus Adolphus, had their lines drawn up in the fields of Lutzen. As the day began to dawn, Gustavus Adolphus called his court preacher Fabricius and had him, as well as the chaplains in all the regiments, conduct morning worship. At this hour of devotion, the entire army sang the pious king's hymn,

"Thou little flock, be not afraid.'

The king himself lay upon his knees, praying most fervently. In the meantime a thick fog settled upon the fatal field, so that no object could be distinguished. After the army had now been drawn up in line of battle, he gave, as password for the battle, "God with us," mounted his horse, drew his sword, and rode along the lines, encouraging his warriors for the battle; but before making the attack he ordered the band to play,

"A safe stronghold our God is still," and
"May God in mercy look 'pon us,"

while the soldiers all joined in with one voice. The fog now began to sink and the sun to shine through. After a short prayer he cried, "Now we 'll at it, may it please God!" and soon afterwards still louder, "Jesus, Jesus, help me to-day to fight for the glory of Thy name!" He then plunged forward against the enemy, simply wearing a leathern jacket for protection. To his servant, who wanted to arm

[illegible] he had said, "God is my armor." Toward eleven o'clock the pious hero, pierced by a ball fell from his horse with the words, "My God, my God!" The cause, however, of the little Lutheran army gained a glorious victory, as their songs in the early dawn had predicted.

It was in the rainy season of the year in India, when the English officials are accustomed to make their official tours in their respective districts. Judge Jacobson, in one of the northern provinces sat one morning in his shemianah, a tent open on all sides, when a friend, an official by the name of Wilkins, remarked to him that he appeared so unusually serious and pensive. "Do not laugh at me, my friend," replied Jacobson, "but I had a very peculiar dream last night and I cannot get it off my mind. I dreamed myself thither where you also would have sought strength and light, but the impression remains. I dreamed that my beloved mother, whom I have not seen for seven years, walked into my tent and kneeled down to prayer, while tears filled her eyes. The only words of her lips that I can recall are these, 'Give Thine angels charge over him.' They are continually sounding in my ears. I feel as though some great danger were upon me, yet I feel that I will be kept by the prayer of my mother. Where this danger should threaten me from I do not know and can therefore

also do nothing toward warding it off. As usual therefore I will go about my day's business and will leave all the rest in the care of stronger hands." In vain Wilkins sought to talk the man out of such thoughts.

They separated. Jacobson went about his business. Toward evening he started for another circuit, acompanied by police. As the company, engaged in conversation, were riding unconcerned past a rock, a bright light suddenly broke over them, which momentarily blinded them all. Jacobson's animal, a fiery Arabian, reared up and the judge himself was dismounted and, falling upon his right shoulder, broke his collar-bone. In the distance three men were seen riding toward the mountain. No doubt these had been lying in wait and as one of them leveled his gun at the judge a ray of light from the sun as it was sinking fell upon the bright barrel and so interfered with his sight that he missed the mark. Wilkins at once hastened to his friend, who received him with the words, "To my mother's prayer I owe my life." The danger however was not altogether past. After three days he again sat in judgment and afterwards returned to his tent where, tired and worn out, he sank into his arm-chair. The servants had all withdrawn in order not to disturb their master. Nothing was heard but the beat of the guard back and forth before the tent. Suddenly Jacobson sees a form before him, a man handing him a petition. Aston-

ished at the man Jacobson stood up and was about to speak to the intruder, when the latter rushed upon him with drawn sword. However, Jacobson quickly siezed the revolver lying by his side and fired. A flash, a cry, a heavy fall, and the would-be murderer lay at his feet. Hearing the pistol shot the servants rushed in and with amazement saw how their carelessness had, within a hair's breadth, cost their master's life. The accomplices of the villain, who sought to escape, were at once seized. They were the same Mohammedan fanatics who three days before by lying in wait sought to kill the unbelieving Christian dogs. The murderers were condemned to be hung. Deeply impressed Jacobson thanked the Lord. Yes, his mother's prayer was heard.

FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER AND THE GLORY FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN.

Thine is the power through which we are kept, therefore God *will* help.

Thine is the power through which we are kept, therefore God *can* help.

Thine is the glory for which we were created, therefore God *will* help.

It is the little word "Thine" upon which we rest our confidence that such prayer will be heard, for every petition pertains to this kingdom. The kingdom is God's, it must therefore stand, yea, come, as we pray in every petition, even if men and satan seek to hinder it and we can see no means by which they may be prevented. Therefore Luther on the 5th of August 1530 wrote so beautifully to Gregorius Brück, chancellor of elector John of Saxony:

"I have recently seen two wonders: the first, as I was looking out of the window and saw the stars in the heavens and the beautiful dome of God and yet I nowhere saw pillars upon which the Master had set this dome, and still the heavens did not fall and the dome still holds its place firmly. Now there are some who are looking for pillars which they can feel and lay their hands on. Because they cannot do this they fear and tremble lest the heavens

will fall for no other reason than that they cannot lay their hands on pillars nor see them. If they could seize them, then the heavens would be firm.

"The other: I saw great thick clouds floating over us with such burden that they might be compared with the sea and yet I saw no base upon which they rested, nor vessel in which they were contained, still they did not fall upon us but having greeted us with an angry face they fled away. When they had passed by the base and the roof which contained them appeared, the rainbow (Gen. 9, 8-16). This was indeed a weak, thin, and insignificant base, so that it also disappeared with the cloud, and one might well be as much concerned about the base as about the great water burden of the cloud itself. And yet in fact is it true that this shadowy body bare up the burden of water and protected us. Yet there are many who look more at the heavy cloud and fear it than they do this thin, narrow and light shadow. They want to feel the power of this shadow. Because they cannot do this they fear that the clouds will cause an everlasting flood."

"According to His will" (1 John 5, 14). Only in case of the prayer that pertains to the kingdom of God, that it may come either to yourself or to others, you need not use the words, "Not my will, but Thine be done." In every other prayer you

must do this, if your prayer is to be acceptable to God.

Augustine in his youth was a heathen and given to their sins and vices. His pious Christian mother, Monica, prayed God day and night for her lost son, that He might change his mind, rescue him from ruin, and permit His kingdom to come to him. The prayer was certainly acceptable to God and heard of Him, and a priest to whom she told her trouble assured her that a son of so many tears and prayers could not be lost. After some time Augustine determined to go to Rome. His mother was frightened at this, for she thought that in the corrupt capital her son would surely be brought to ruin in body and soul, and she prayed unceasingly that God might hinder his plans. This prayer was also without doubt pleasing to God, and yet it was one of those to which one must add, "Not my will, but Thine be done." God did not grant this request, but the unnatural son took shipping secretly in the night and reached Rome in safety. How must the mother have felt when she heard this? But God's thoughts are not our thoughts. He often hears us by not hearing. For just in Rome the hour for Augustine's conversion was to strike, just there God overruled things so wonderfully that Augustine seriously considered his ways and became one of the most fruitful instruments in the hands of God for the work of His kingdom. Augustine, however, referring to these prayers of

his mother in an account of his life said, "Thou, my God, weighing in Thy high and heavenly counsel the object of my mother's wish, didst deny her what she asked at that time, in order that Thou mightest give her what she asked at all times."

A cerain man by the name of Matthias Claudius once explained the Lord's prayer in a letter to his uncle whose name was Andres. The explanation like a good command has few words, but much and deep thought. It is very suitable for the conclusion to the third chief part of the catechism. The explanation is as follows:

The Lord's Prayer is once for all the best prayer, for you know who made it. But no person on God's earth can pray it like He meant it. We only cripple it from a distance, one more miserably yet than another. But that does not matter, Andres, just so we mean it well. The good Lord must always do the best, and He knows how it ought to be. Since you desire it, I will candidly tell you how I do with the Lord's Prayer. Yet I feel that I have but a poor makeshift and I would gladly learn to do better.

Now, when I want to pray, then I think first of my sainted father, how good he was and how willing to give. Then I represent to myself the whole world as my father's house; all people then in Europe, Asia, Africa, are in my thoughts my brothers

and sisters, and God is seated in heaven upon a golden throne, His right hand extended over the area to the end of the earth, His left full of salvation and good things, while the tops of the mountains around are on smoke,—then I begin:

Our Father who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy name!

This already I do not understand. The Jews are said to have known certain secrets about the name of God. But I leave that as it is and only wish that the remembrance of God and every mark by which we can know Him may to me and all men be great and holy above all things.

Thy kingdom come.

Here I think of myself, how things rule within me, now this now that, and how this only works remorse and I attain to no good purpose. And then I think how good it would be, if God would put an end to all this conflict and himself rule within me.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Here I picture to myself heaven with all the holy angels who do His will with joy, and whom no pain touches, and who are in no danger of losing love and happiness, and who rejoice day and night, and then I think if only it were thus upon earth.

Give us this day our daily bread.

Each one knows what daily bread is and that we must eat as long as we are in this world and that

we relish it. Of this I then think. Thoughts suggest themselves also concerning my children, what pleasure they take in eating and how quick they are to take their place at the table. And then I pray that the good Lord may at all times give us something to eat.

And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.

It pains one when he is injured and revenge is sweet. This suggests itself also to me and I might feel moved thereto. But then the wicked servant of the gospel appears before me and my heart fails and I resolve to forgive my fellow-servant and not say a word to him about the hundred pence.

And lead us not into temptation.

Here I recall all kinds of cases where persons under such and such circumstances turned away from the good and fell, and that I would not fare any better.

But deliver us from evil.

Here the temptations are still in my mind and how easily man is led astray from the even way. But at the same time I think of all the care of life, of decay and old age, of fever and insanity, and of the thousand evils and heartaches that are in the world and that torment man, and there is no one who can help. And you will find, Andres, that if the tears did not come before, they will surely come here, and one can so readily desire to make his

escape and become so sorrowful and downcast as though there was no help at all. But one must then again take courage, put his hand upon his life, and then continue as in triumph:

For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever and ever. Amen.